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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Jan. 24, 1937

The Thunder Dragon Gate

by Talbot Mundy

Love, Murder and Intrigue in Mysterious Tibet, by the Author of "King of the Khyber Rifles," "Full Moon," Etc.

CHAPTER I.
A Dangerous Secret Mission.

BIG BEN proclaimed it was afternoon; but through the foggy drizzle one couldn't see the clock face in Trafalgar Square. The lions around Nelson's monument resembled mythical ocean monsters, sea-lashed.

Tom Grayne turned up his overcoat collar, stuck his hands in his pockets, and without particular malice cursed the unfairness of manners-by.

No one noticed him much. He was fairly big, unfashionably but tolerably well dressed. Outwardly at the end of meditation, he walked with the gait of a man who knows where he is going, and why, and what he will do when he gets there—the unhurried, demanding stride of a man who has walked great distances.

By the time he turned northward out of the Strand he knew he was being followed. A taxi drew up at the curb opposite Bow Street Police Station, and someone inside it watched him enter. He had only about two minutes' conversation with the desk sergeant.

"Yes, Mr. Grayne, we got in touch with Professor Mayne at the Bottom Minstrie. He went to the Home Office about it. There has been a special medical examination, and the prisoner will be released at 6 P. M. or as soon after as the Professor can get here. As I understand it, the Home Office doesn't intend to appeal. Thupa-ga, nor the other man, Noropa, intended their leave the country within a reasonable time."

"How long is reasonable?"

"I don't know. The order hasn't come. It's on the way, I believe."

"Is Noropa in custody?"

"No."

"Do you know where he is?"

The sergeant smiled. He didn't answer.

"When Professor Mayne comes will you say Tom is to wait for me?"

"I will give him your message."

"Thank you."

Tom Grayne walked out. Over the way someone in the taxi watched him through a window that streamed with rain. It was the only taxi in sight. The street was empty except for a few vans and trucks on the way to Covent Garden. The rain had driven vagrants under cover.

Pretending he thought the taxi was not engaged, Tom Grayne crossed the street and pulled the door open. There was a Japanese inside—urbane, immaculately dressed.

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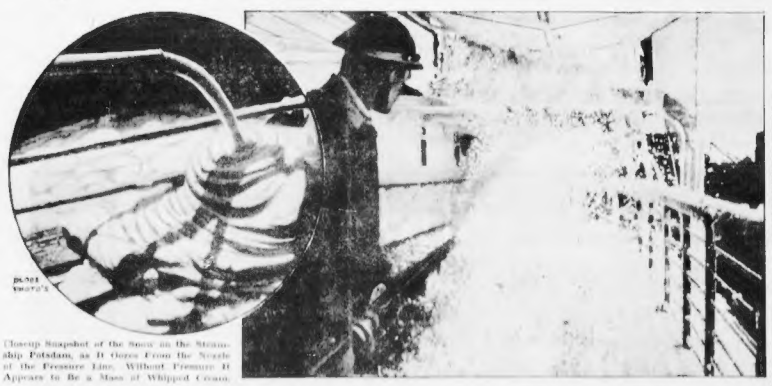
Fighting Ship Fires With Snow—And In The Tropics



Closeup Snapshot of the Snow on the Steamship Potsdam, as It Oozes From the Nozzle of the Pressure Line. Without Pressure It Appears to Be a Mass of Whipped Cream.

It Requires Only a Few Minutes, Even in Tropical Waters, to Cover the Entire Deck With the Snow Once the Pressure Is Turned On.

After a Fire-Prevention Bath in the Snow, This Is the Strange Sight That Greets the Eye. Though in Warm Waters, the Ship's Promenade Appears to Be Frozen.

THE ultra-modern fire-fighting equipment recently installed on two German liners—the motorship Roburhorst and the steamer Potsdam—is attracting the interested attention of shipowners and government officials all over the world. One well-known British shipbuilder who has seen the Nazi steamers demonstrate the new system for battling fire at sea believes that the day will come when hundreds of ships will have the same spectacular and efficient means of protecting the lives of passengers and sailors and the boats on which they travel.

As the photographs on this page show, the German liners are not using water but a chemical substance that looks very much like snow. The stuff which literally smothers a fire in much less time than water, is about the consistency of heavy whipped cream, or stiff shaving lather. It is white and it clings where it strikes. Despite its thickness it can be squirted out of a hose with almost as much force as water and it is easily washed off.

The pictures on this page were made on the Potsdam while the ship was in the Mediterranean on its way to Far East ports. The passengers aboard had been told that the fire drill was to be staged for their benefit and to keep the crew in trim for emergencies, so they were not surprised when the man-made snow started flying from a dozen nozzles and covering the decks, the rails and the superstructure. But the spectacle puzzled the crews and passengers of passing ships, because they couldn't figure out how a ship, steaming in tropic weather could be covered with snow.

Special machinery has to be installed for the new fire-fighting substance so that it can be driven out of the hoses at tremendous pressure. Being thicker and lighter than water it must be shot out with more force to carry as far as streams of water would go with the same pressure behind it.

The German steamship officials say that the chemical snow has the approval of the leading insurance companies, and for two very good reasons—because it extinguishes fire so quickly and because it does much less damage than water.

About the time the lather-like antidote for fire was being tried out on the high seas, the citizens of Los Angeles were hearing about an ingenious and up-to-date method of fighting fire with "fog." Battalion Chief G. H. Griswold and several other members of the Los Angeles County fire department had perfected a special nozzle that threw a fog like mist instead of a solid stream of water. And many experiments with the "fog" had shown that it is much more effective than water in its normal liquid form.

At one bad fire, in a gasoline refinery, a "fog" nozzle was rushed to the scene after several companies of firemen had been pouring water on the stubborn blaze for hours. Ten minutes after two firemen began spraying the flames with "fog" the fire was out.

An even more convincing demonstration was made by setting fire in a tank of gasoline with 150 square feet of surface. The flames shot nearly a hundred feet into the air, and a few seconds after a match was dropped in the oil tank was an inferno. One "fog" nozzle was put to work and the fire was snuffed out, according to an official report, in eight seconds.

The California method of combating fire is made possible by a nozzle through which two small streams of water flow at ordinary fire-fighting pressure—150 pounds to the inch. These jets of water are directed at each other so that the water is broken down into minute particles which fan out in a fine and remarkably efficient mist.

How the Italian Baker Outsmarted His Rivals

In the Form of Serpents the Bread Is No Less Appetizing. These Loaves Help Decorate the Table.

Rolls in the Shape of Fishes Immediately Appealed to the Customers, and Solved the Problem of the Italian Baker.

The Moulds Invented by the Baker Also Turned Out Bread Loaves in the Shape of Birds.

A FEW weeks ago one Mario Cortimiglia, a baker in the little Italian village of Bogliasco, was wondering how he was going to make both ends meet. He and the other two bake-shop owners in the small community were dividing a volume of trade that was just about enough for one of them. For several years they had been fighting for business and the battle was a three-sided draw.

Today one of the three bakers has closed his shop and retired from the field and Signor Cortimiglia is driving the remaining competitor so hard that he is about ready to quit—all because Cortimiglia studied the problem carefully, got an idea and sold that idea to the bread-buying public not only in his native village but in several communities round about.

The industrious and ingenious baker of bread and cake figured it out that his rivals were as good as he is at baking. They used the same sort of flour and other ingredients. It would be almost impossible for a customer eating the output of the three shops to tell from which shop the food came. So, Cortimiglia figured, there was no sense in an advertising campaign talking up the superiority of his loaves, rolls and cakes.

What to do? Well, he could change the form of his wares and, instead of offering the usual elongated loaves and round buns he could work the same raw material into shapes that might catch the eye and the fancy of patrons. And that's exactly what he did.

The photographs show the imagination and artistic skill that the Italian baker brought to his work when he tackled the problem seriously. He made his loaves of bread in the form of wriggling snakes and others in the form of birds. Not content with these departures he fashioned other molds so that when the bread came out of the oven it was in the likeness of fish.

The morning that he put his new bread in his shop window he was a little worried about the public reaction to such innovations. But before afternoon his day's supply of bread and rolls was sold out and customers were asking for more.

An inn, five miles from the shop, sent for five dozen of the snake loaves and could only get two dozen. The baker went back to his oven and filled the order.

Within a week the idea having gone over so successfully, Signor Cortimiglia, surprised his increasing list of customers with some other novelties—bread in the shape of Mickey Mouse, who is almost as popular in Italy as he is in this country, and pigs that were, perhaps, inspired by the Three Little Pigs of the fable.

Within a week the baker was busier than he had been for years. Not only were most of his fellow villagers buying their bread from him but customers were coming for miles to get some of the "sculptured bread," as they called it. The carriages and motor cars of several wealthy families rolled up to the little shop and went away with big packages of the food.

Cortimiglia hired an assistant, a fellow who had worked in the shop that was forced out of business and had to lengthen his working day by opening the shop an hour earlier in the morning and staying later at night. All day long people were looking in his window, wondering what shape his bread would take next. He has promised to go on designing new molds so that his customers won't lose their interest in his novel idea.

"I wish," said the bright baker, "that I had thought of the idea years ago, and I don't know why I didn't. Think what would have happened to me if one of my rivals had come out with the notion before I did—well, I would be out of a job and he would be doing as well as I am."

The baker doesn't know why, but his snakes are more popular than his birds or his pigs. He thinks, though, that Mickey Mouse will shortly surpass the serpents in popular interest.

When interviewed by a newspaperman about the success of his idea, the baker admitted that, as a young man, he had been interested in art and had thought that he wanted to be a sculptor. But necessity made him an apprentice to a baker instead of an art student, and he had stuck to his trade. He was surprised his "sculptured bread" came out so well.

Nearly Strangled By Her Snake Partner in Exotic Dance

MISS HAZEL ARIEL, who goes around the country thrilling audiences by dancing with a 10-foot python, recently put an extra kick in her performance at Danville, Va., to her own startled surprise and the alarm of the spectators. The big snake—one that she had acquired from Frank "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Buck—wasn't used to her, and, having worked with it only about two weeks before the mishap occurred.

Near the close of her number the audience noticed that the girl was out of step and seemed to be struggling with her serpentine partner. Then, suddenly, they saw her face flush and one of her hands send a frantic signal to the wings. The curtain was quickly lowered and those out front heard a great shouting and shuffling backstage.

The manager came on the stage and announced that the python had gotten a little out of hand and had tried to crush Miss Ariel, but that she had suffered no serious injuries. A few skeptical members of the audience thought this announcement was just a trick to bring publicity to the performer and to the theatre—but the dancer had nothing to do with the "stunt," and the python wasn't fooling. If the stagehands and other vaudevillians hadn't rushed to her rescue the python would have crushed the life out of its coils.

In her dressing room after the rapid-fire exposure Miss Ariel said, "It was a very unpleasant feeling, but it was my own fault. I was careless and let the snake's coils slip up over one shoulder and encircle my neck. I know better than to let one of these powerful partners of mine get leverage with its tail, and, believe me, I'll not make the same mistake again. Possibly the snake had something to do with it. A python is likely to get excited if the tempo is too fast."

Miss Hazel Ariel, and the Ten-Foot Python, Which Nearly Killed Her During Her Dance in Danville, Va.

Turned Up "From the Grave" at His Wife's Wedding

HUNDREDS of dramatic fiction stories have been written about "dead" husbands who came back, but none of these yarns surpasses the true life incident that happened in the Yugoslavian village of Novi the other day.

The villagers were making merry in the home of one Ljuba Radek, who that day had married one of the community's most eligible bachelors. The bride was a widow whose husband had gone off to war soon after he had married her. About a year after his enlistment she received one of those cold-blooded forms from the government war office informing her that her husband was reported "missing in action."

For years she discouraged the attentions of suitors, believing that there might be a possibility that Pawel Radek was still alive and it was only too days before her second marriage that she received another message from the government telling her that Pawel Radek had been declared legally and officially dead.

At the height of the wedding celebration, with the friends of the bride and bridegroom drinking wine and singing peasant songs at the top of their voices a well-dressed stranger dropped into the house, and according to ancient custom, was invited to join in the fun, to eat and drink his fill and dance with the happy bride.

For a time he sat in a corner by himself, sipping his wine and watching the proceedings with interested and rather bewildered eyes. Finally he rose and asked permission to take a turn about the floor with the bride. She was hardly in his arms when she cried out and fell down in a faint.

To make a long story short the stranger was her long-lost husband and she had swooned when he whispered a nickname that he used to call her in the first days of their married life.

Later in the evening, when the bride had sufficiently recoved to talk with her guests, she explained that "her Pawel" had come back, that he had returned from the grave and that she was the happiest woman in Yugoslavia. She asked her new husband to release her from her vows and, all but heartbroken at the amazing turn of events, he did.

Mr. Radek told a story of being imprisoned in Siberia until after the close of the war and of settling down in Sweden to work his way back to health and financial independence before returning home. His wife was too happy to ask him many questions.

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How the Convicts Faked the Wicked Pictures of the Prima Donnas

1—This Is a Genuine Photograph of the Head and Face of the Grand Opera Prima Donna, Lily Pons.

These Are NOT the Pictures the Convicts Used—These Photographs Here Are Shown to Explain How Fake Photographs Are Made.

2—This Is a Photograph of the Hilton Sisters, Attractive "Siamese Twins," Whose Pictures, However, Did Not in Any Way Figure in the Prison Conspiracy.

3—If the Expert Photographer Wanted to Make It Appear That Prima Donna Pons Was One of the Hilton Twins, He Would Have Carefully Cut Away the Head of the Twin Selected.

4—The Genuine Photograph of Lily Pons Would Then Be Reduced to the Exact Size to Fit Where the Hilton Girl's Had Been Cut Out. This Substitute Head and Face Would Next Be Carefully Fitted in the Place Where the Hilton Girl's Head Had Been. After the Most Delicate Retouching, the Photograph Would Then Have Been Reduced to Its Original Size, and Here Would Appear Miss Pons as One of the Hilton Twins.

One a Murderer, the Other a Forger, but Both Expert Photographers, They Brazenly Used the Crime-Detecting Cameras of the Prison's Bertillon Room to Combine the Innocent Faces of the Grand Opera Stars With Bodies Not Innocent at All

RECENT revelations show that the modern crime does not always crop up in the rôle of, as so many people suppose. He is often a busy, ambitious scoundrel, using his time, not in repentance, but by helping himself to prison equipment to commit bigger and better crimes while behind bars.

Federal agents on the track of an insanely-perfect batch of counterfeit $10 bills were flabbergasted to find the counterfeiters already in the Moyamensing prison at Philadelphia, but their confinement in prison was not interfering with their activities at all because they had made the plates and were printing the money right in the prison.

But the most skilful and ambitious job of all seems to be the forgery-photographs of the grand opera prima donnas Rosa and Carmela Ponselle and Lily Pons, a marvelously perfect piece of work requiring the highest skill, much correspondence and uninterrupted leisure and also a rather expensive equipment. A pair of talented convicts in the big North Dakota penitentiary at Bismarck forgot everything they learned in the Bertillon photographic room of the prison.

The final product was a set of disquieting photographs, purporting to show the three charming and famous women in such situations and poses that, if the pictures were accepted as genuine, the singers would never dare sing in public again. To the startled eyes of the innocent victims, they could not have looked more genuine and it might well have seemed, to some, worth paying $25,000 each to prevent them from being circulated where they would do the reputations of the singers much harm.

The three song birds were to be given to understand that unless they paid the blackmailers' price, these dreadful things were to be handed around in the big cities of Europe and the Americas just before their arrival to sing. Thus Rosa Ponselle was about to be married and she might be charged a little extra. Fortunately the artistes were spared the agony of deciding whether to pay the convicts or defy them and perhaps be ruined.

With the inevitable desire to show off that seems always to be part of criminal nature, these convict photographic geniuses could not resist sending them over to the women's side of the prison where they thought such talent would be appreciated. It was, but it seems that even in prison some women can't keep a secret and so the conspiracy was discovered just in time.

The marvel and the irony of it is that these rascals probably would not have turned out such perfect work had they been at liberty, because nowhere but in the prison could they have commanded the leisure and the use of such costly photographic equipment while being housed, fed and clothed free. The reason these and other criminals get away with such almost inexcusable crimes, supposedly under the eye of the warden and his watchful guards, is that the prisoners do nearly all the work of the prisons and there are not enough guards to spy on even a small percentage of them.

It takes about all the time and energy of the guards merely inspecting the place to make sure that their scheming charges do not crawl down a sewer or up a ventilator, smuggle in arms and shoot their way out, or organize a general riot. The warden himself is like the head of a big corporation, absorbed in a mass of reports and routine. That is he is like the corporation head, except for one thing. Instead of suspecting that one or two of those under him are crooked, he knows positively that they all are, except a very few. His guards are honest as the average employee, when they begin, but how long they will remain that way, after constant association with the most degraded people in the world, is another matter. Therefore, it is not surprising that George Schultz, one of the guards, though 70 years old, is accused of being in the conspiracy.

Many of the prisoners are common laborers capable of doing only ordinary chores, such as scrubbing the floors, handling the great volume of goods that is constantly entering and leaving the institution, and even helping out in the laundry and kitchen.

There is also a demand for skilled men in the machine shop, where the safe-cracker and the counterfeiter get jobs while the soft-handed embezzler and check-raiser and crooked bookkeeper are needed on the prison's bonus. In most of these departments there is some danger of theft or evasion even in the barber shop but one place has always seemed safe enough to Warden Dell Patterson, of North Dakota's "big house." This was the photograph department where crooks were placed before the cameras to be "mugged," their measurements and fingerprints taken and placed on record.

Besides ordinary cameras, there were special ones for making micro-photographs of grains of dust and shreds of fabric too small for the human eye to see. And there were enlarging cameras capable of "throwing up" the imprint of a typewriter key to the size of a man.

To do this work and to care for such delicate equipment called for expert photographers, and the warden considered himself lucky to have some first class talent in that line among the guests. These gentlemen had no references, and their records were such as would make an ordinary employer's hair stand on end, but wardens have to take what comes to them.

There was Theodore Larson, who 15 years ago had murdered his wife and three other persons at Edinburgh, N. D., and tried to burn up their bodies. Not a notable sort of man, but he was a crack photographer, and as he was serving a life sentence, not likely to walk out on the job as long as the walls were carefully watched.

Frank S. Fowler had a long and varied record of ingenious crooked-ness, but his specialty was forgery. Frank has the delicate, artistic hand of the typical forger and is a gifted artist with the air brush and at microscopic retouching. Forged signatures are detected by enlarging them to a size making them look as if written with a snow shovel and betraying any hesitation or tremoring. A first class "scratcher," like Fowler, enlarges his own work, to discover its faults and correct them.

The only objection to this talented man was that his sentence was due to end just after Thanksgiving when his services would be lost to the prison. But, at least, they whose time is almost up are expected to be on their very best behavior.

No doubt he would have graduated uneventfully if the inspiration for corrupting the crime-hunting cameras to crime-serving had not been unwittingly supplied by still another convict, Clarence Anderson, who told carrying a plausible yarn that he was a forger-and of Rosa Ponselle. Later, just before his sentence expired, Clarence asked Larson for a loan of $300.

Larson, being unavoidably detained for life, wanted to know how he would be able to enforce repayment. Clarence replied that Rosa was rich and would pay it in a minute rather than have anyone know about her connection with a jail-bird. This seemed reasonable to Mr. Larson, who granted the loan. But, sad to say, Clarence made his exit laughing and the trustful four-time murderer never got his money back.

For a convict to cheat an honest man is just business, but for a convict to cheat another convict is dishonest, and Larson indignantly took his pen in hand to write Rosa Ponselle a letter. But Fowler, who was to be the brains of the conspiracy persuaded him to go after her in a big way and while he was at it to shake down her sister Carmela and for good measure, Lily Pons.

Miss Pons was selected because Fowler saw a similarity in the names Ponselle and Pons and had heard she was successful and rich. Larson liked her because he thought the name pretty.

According to F. W. Lanier, United States District Attorney, at Fargo, N. D., Fowler pointed out to Larson that they had the skill and equipment to concoct such compromising photographs that the women ought to be glad to pay a million to suppress them.

"Yeah," said Larson, "but how are we going to get the pictures to work on?"

Fowler reminded him that there were tons of photographs of the celebrities available and as for the unpleasant ones to combine them with, there was Peter Koteros, of Buffalo, N. Y., who imported the worst in the world from Paris but made some pretty fair seconds himself. For a small split, Koteros ought to be glad to come in.

"Fine for you," Larson is said to have agreed, "but I'm a lifer and even if you are on the up-and-up and send me a couple of hundred grand, as my cut, what would I do with it in here?"

"But suppose I spring you out of here?" Fowler is alleged to have suggested, and then outlined a plan by which he would smuggle in by one of the guards, a pistol, one piece at a time. When Larson had his complete gun assembled, he was to ask to have special shoes made to order for his peculiarly-shaped feet and when the warden, in his car, took him to the shoemaker, Larson was to stick the gun on the warden and the rest would be easy.

That "sold" the idea to Larson and there remained only the question of which guard to invite into the little closed corporation to do the smuggling out of letters to Koteros and the smuggling in of that gentleman's pictures to work on. Schultz denies that he was that guard, but the grand jury indicted him and he is out on $5,000 bail, pending trial.

According to Mr. Lanier, Koteros entered into the scheme with enthusiasm and supplied an abundance of material. A great variety of pictures of the prima-donnas was easy enough, but Lanier says he has letters of criticism from the convict artists showing that at first they were not satisfied with the shameless bodies to go with the respectable heads. Of course anyone can cut a head from one picture, paste it onto the body of another and then photograph the combination but usually it will look like just what it is, a fake.

Having selected the right heads for Koteros' outrageous bodies, the real work began. Among many problems, the lighting had to be made to agree on head and body, something that almost never happens by accident. To do this Larson enlarged the head to about the size of a football and with infinite pains retouched the face, shifting the shadows about so deftly that his work hardly showed.

Reducing it back to the original size struck every vestige of tamper-ing away. In some cases it was the body that got the retouching, but in any case the two were enlarged almost to life size before they were joined, so the reduction would hide the joint in the two photographs also.

The final result gave negatives of ordinary size from which any number of prints could be made, all looking as if they had not been tampered with but were genuine reproductions of scenes the camera had actually looked at.

But before Fowler's time was up and he could attend to his little job of salesmanship to the prima donnas, the vaingloious Larson could not refrain himself from sending a set over to one of his girl friends on the women's side and from them a whisper reached the warden. One of those underworld spies known as stool pigeons was put to work. He turned up close enough so that a search of the Bertillon room and of Schultz's home rounded up the entire picture gallery and implicated Koteros from whom the rest of the details were wrung.

Koteros pleaded guilty to sending indecent matter through the mails and was let off with only a six months sentence. Fowler "graduated" the day after Thanksgiving but was not thankful because he was searched straight to Atlanta to serve 144 days that had been paroled from a previous sentence there.

Carmela Ponselle, the Third Prima Donna Who Was to Have Been a Victim of the Convicts.

Theodore Larson, Convict No. 3876, the Murderer and Expert Photographer Who Made the Pictures.

The Grand Opera Star, Rosa Ponselle, Whose Pictures Were Also Used in the Prison Blackmailing Plot.

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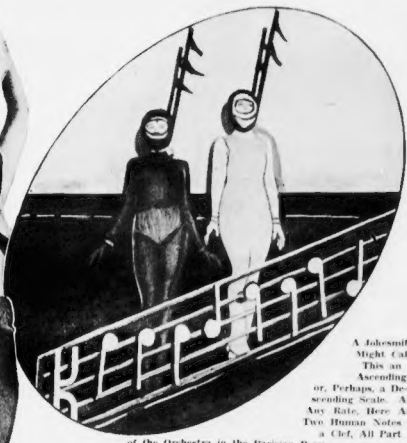
"Living Music" In Novel Paris Revue

In This Scene Each of the Girls Wears, as Part of Her Costume, an Oversize Replica of a Musical Instrument. The Background Is Symbolic of American "Swing Music."

The Harp in the Orchestra of Girls, One of the Interesting Numbers in the New Revue at the Paris Tabarin.

A Striking Musical Costume Bringing to Life a Combination of Notes Entitled Discord. Discord Is One of the Unharmonious Phases of Swing Rhythms.



A Jokesmith Might Call This an Ascending, or, Perhaps, a Descending Scale. At Any Rate, Here Are Two Human Notes on a Clef, All Part of the Orchestra in the Parisian Revue.

IF the more popular Parisian night clubs suddenly went esthetic and depended entirely on programs of good music to bring customers through the turnstiles, they'd soon be out of business. Visitors from abroad look for something more than melody when they stuff their wallets with francs and go forth in search of diversion in the gayest capital in the world. Most of them want to gaze upon pretty and shapely girls dressed, or undressed, so that their pulchritude is pleasingly apparent. They want music and dancing and laughter, and they get it.

But every now and then the maestro of a Paris "hot spot" finds a way to combine the esthetic with an alluring display of the feminine figure, a trick of showmanship that never fails to attract patrons and profit when it's done exactly right.

At the moment the Tabarin is one of the most popular night clubs in Paris because it has found a way to use this formula to the delight not only of visitors from afar but for Frenchmen, too. And when Parisians spend money in their own night clubs, the show must be good.

As the photographs on this page interestingly show, the fair performers at the Tabarin are appearing in a revue of "living music." Revealing some of the smoothest curves to be found in the metropolis at the moment, the cast takes the part of musical instruments and the notes of the scale.

An excellent orchestral accompaniment has been arranged to lend charm to the cavortings of the pretty chorines and a few of the girls actually play instruments to maintain the spirit of the extravaganza.

The big scene is played against a backdrop of luminous colored saxophone players, four of them, about 20 feet high. The mouth of each saxophone is occupied by a good looking young woman going through the motions of playing some musical instrument. It doesn't matter that none of the girls is capable of making music come out of the instruments—they are good to look at and the scantiness of their costumes accentuates their best physical features. As a matter of fact all of the principals in this unit wear glistening outfits that never would get by the censors of Broadway, a street which has become fairly broad-minded in the past few years.

One of the prettiest and shapeliest of the Tabarin's chorines poses beautifully as a harp and is cleverly costumed to represent the stringed instrument. A harpist, out of sight of the spectators, actually plays a dreamy nocturne as the girl makes passes across the unmelodious "strings" of her outfit.

At another point in the performance a dozen chorus girls, playing the roles of notes walk gracefully up a ramp which has a railing made in imitation of the lines and spaces of the musical scale. There are full notes, dressed in white, and half, quarter and eighth notes, properly arrayed in black.

The clown of the show is the girl shown in the photograph at the left, the comely young woman with one arm upraised. On the program she is listed as "Discord." Her costume, to carry out the idea of her interpretation, is all out of balance. It's half black and half white and has no symmetry. The cut-out portions, revealing the chorine's torso, are of different shapes and sizes. A black mash covers only one eye. An epaulet-like patch on one shoulder seems all out of place.

Several times during the concert, which is the background and the excuse for one of the snappiest girl shows in Paris, the orchestra purposely "goes sour" and when this happens "Discord" leaps jester-like about the stage, flitting from instrument to instrument and making it apparent that the unmelodic sounds are all her fault.

Splitting Hairs for Uncle Sam

SPLITTING hairs, figuratively speaking, is not a business that adds to a person's popularity or business progress. But there is one man in Washington who spends most of his time splitting hairs in a Department of Agriculture laboratory—and his colleagues think he is quite a fellow.

His name is Dr. J. I. Hardy and the examination of various kinds of fibre, including human and animal hair, is a life work with him. He has looked at hundreds of thousands of specimens in the past few years and has devised special machinery to make his job easier and more accurate.

He has discovered, for example how to count the "hairs" in a piece of fabric. Give him a few minutes with his scientific gadgets and he can tell how many sheep hairs there are in the piece and whether those hairs are natural color or dyed. He can also determine whether cotton or rayon fibre is mixed with the wool.

Among the doctor's contrivances is a little thing he designed himself. It looks like a couple of those "dog tags" that soldiers and sailors wore around their necks during the World War. In these discs are narrow slots through which the material to be analyzed is thrust. The ends sticking out each side of the slot are clipped off and are then examined through a powerful microscope which magnifies 500 times.

Then looked at, human hair looks round and has an outer "shell" about the thickness of thin nail polish. The granules that determine the color of the hair are inside the covering. Cotton fibre looks very much like a cut-into kidney bean; it is not round like human hair. Rayon fibre comes in a great number of different patterns. The doctor, after his long experience, can tell these materials at a glance.

Astonishing Strength of Sea Foam

DURING a recent storm at Biarritz, the French seaside resort, a large quantity of sea foam was blown towards the town. A sedan motorcar that was being driven along the waterfront was smothered with foam and the engine was stopped. It required the services of the fire department to rescue the car and driver.

This curious occurrence led to a prolonged scientific investigation of the nature of water bubbles and the toughness they sometimes show. Any gas liberated within a liquid produces bubbles, but these bubbles must have a certain amount of endurance and ability to stick together in order to make foam. All mucilaginous substances capable of forming enduring bubbles have the peculiarity of coming to the surface and thus producing a kind of skin. The substance may form a completely sticky surface, but remains invisible because it is so thin.

A Motorcar Not Only Inundated, But Stalled by the Strength of Sea Foam, Which Collected on the Strand at Biarritz Recently, After a Windstorm.

The ocean produces foam at all times, but only in abundance when there is a storm. Mechanical action plays an important part in producing this kind of foam. Quite different is the foam found on the banks of stagnant ponds, which often forms rings around tree trunks. Professor Devaux, who has been investigating this subject, has discovered a light foam poetically known as "water flower," produced by microscopic seaweeds.

The principal substance in sea foam has been traced to marine plants, or algae, which have a gelatinous make-up and pour out a kind of mucilage in the water, either when they are alive or after death. Foam is produced in this way in salt marshes which are not affected by storms. The marine salt of commerce contains foam-producing substances.

Marine animals also assist in producing foam. The skin of fish, mollusks and crustaceans is sticky. If you shake a bottle containing mussels and shrimps you find the water becomes foamy.

When Baby Lion Wants His Dinner

JUST like the domesticated pussy cats that meow when they want a saucer of milk or a dish of salmon, Crusoe, the jungle cat shown in the photograph at the left, makes it plain that he's hungry.

The picture was snapped in the lion cage at the London zoo where Crusoe lives with his mother, June, his father, Jock, and his twin brother, Friday. Crusoe was about six months old when this informal portrait of him was taken and he's still enough of a cub to yowl if meals aren't ready when he thinks they ought to be.

For several weeks after they were born the cubs were nursed by their mother, one of the handsomest lionesses in captivity, but they have since been weaned and are now eating special food prepared by their keepers. When June furnished the meals her youngsters never had reason to complain because they ate whenever they were hungry, which was most of the time. But now that their food is being brought in the service, in their opinion, is not all it might be.

Crusoe isn't much of a jungle howler as yet. His voice is very much on the tenor side, although he tries to imitate his father, who can give spectators at the zoo quite a turn when he lets out his best basso profundo roar. The sound he makes is a cross between the whine of a puppy and the meow of a cat, with an occasional deeper note which gives promise of the powerful feline that Crusoe is going to be one of these days, if the keepers can continue to bring him up in civilized surroundings.

The cub's mother doesn't seem much amused by his demands for food and is too dignified to make any such appeals to the management.

Crusoe, the Newly-Arrived Lion Cub in the London Zoo, Making the Discovery That Dinner Is Hastened When the Youngster Lets Out a Few Feline Vowels and Attempts a Roar, Which Sounds More Like an Infantile Wail.

What to Do About Blackened Eyes

NOW and then the most conservative and well-behaved citizens suffer the unsightly indignity of a black eye. Not all these "shiners" are the result of arguments that develop into physical combat. Some of them are caused by running into doors, falls in the bathroom and assorted mishaps, indoors and out. But a black eye is never a nice thing to have and the possessor of one is always suspect and the butt of a lot of embarrassing questions.

Science, if Dr. Norman Titus, of New York City, has the procedure correctly figured out, has found a new way of taking the pain and the swelling out of a "shiner." In the photograph at right the doctor is using infra-red rays on the eye of a young woman patient. The complicated looking machine is generating the rays and, though they are not visible to the eye, is sending a stream of them against the darkened and puffed-up flesh.

Dr. Titus declares, and he's a physiotherapist who knows his business, that a "bath" of infra-red rays, gets results on a black eye faster and better than any of the standard remedies, such as chunks of raw beef and leeches.

Of course there are not many machines such as the doctor is using here scattered about the country—not nearly enough of them to take care of all the black eyes that are inflicted one way and another and the average sufferer from this common mishap probably will depend on the old raw-meat remedy to speed up the recovery of the ailing optic.

Even the infra-red ray machine lacks the power to clear up a black eye at one sitting. Once the flesh around the eye is struck hard enough to turn black and several other colors, including purple and dark green, only time can erase the disfigurement.

There are ways, however, of "doctoring" black eyes without waiting for them to fade out and at least one New York barber has a method that has earned him considerable money and no end of thanks. Just what it is he declines to explain, even to his clients, but, give him half an hour with a swollen and murky eye and he'll camouflage the injured member cleverly.

A Therapist Treating a Case of Black Eye With Infra-Red Rays, Which Have Been Found to Possess the Power to Reduce Discolorations of the Skin.

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Why You'll Probably Live Longer Married Than Single

Not That It Only "Seems Longer," But an Actual Increase of Years; Murders and Suicides Almost Twice as Many Among Bachelors; Spinsters Much Less Liable to Diabetes and Gallstones

IF YOU are a married woman you have, all things considered, a twenty percent better chance to reach a hale old age than an unmarried woman. If you are a married man, you have a forty percent better chance than the carefree bachelor whom without doubt you have often envied.

There is an ancient joke that married people do not live longer than single people but only think that they do because it seems longer. While this is now proven to be wrong, it is a curious fact that the alleged mendacity of monogamy may be one of the main causes of life lengthening, just as it is no accident that so many people who reach the century mark cannot read.

The discovery that Nature seems, like governments, to lay a heavy extra tax on bachelors was made by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York City, and is based on Canadian vital statistics because death records in the United States do not cover the married condition so well as does Canada. However, there is no reason to think that in nations of people so similar, the tendency should stop at the border.

Some of the comparisons are rather startling. During the twelve years between 1920 and 1932, out of every 100,000 bachelors, 1,218 died each year, but during the same period only 856 of each 100,000 married men. At the same time, the death rates of Canadian spinsters was 1,039 as against only 857 for married women.

Still more surprising were some of the statistics as to the relative susceptibility of married and unmarried to certain diseases.

Deaths from tuberculosis were found to be 66 percent higher among the unmarried than the married. The deaths from this disease among bachelors were found to be 83 percent higher than among husbands. Spinsters' death rates were nearly 90 percent higher than wives'. For some reason or reasons, the chance of a single person to die from tuberculosis is about two-thirds greater than the married person's.

In pneumonia, single persons show about 55 percent more deaths a year than the married. While influenza, a disease closely related to pneumonia, carries off 40 percent more of the unwed than it does the wedded.

In between the 55 percent for pneumonia and the 40 percent for influenza is heart disease, which give a 45 percent increase of deaths among the unmarried fraction of the community. Among all the diseases for which statistics are included by the Metropolitan's experts only two show an advantage to remaining single instead of being married. Those are deaths from diabetes and from gallstones. In both of these instances the deaths of single people are about twenty percent lower each year than the deaths of married people.

The death rate for apoplexy, alcoholism, kidney disease and ulcer of the stomach are all appreciably higher among the unmarried than the married.

The state of matrimony apparently means nothing to cancer, which gives both single and plural an even break.

The important thing is to find out what there is about marriage to make it so extra healthy for both sexes. Deductions must first be made for something that happens before marriage which to a considerable degree is a weeding out of the physically unfit.

Young men and women of marriageable age but chronic invalids are not likely to marry and therefore their early deaths appear in the bachelor and spinster columns. Natural selection, however, goes beyond that because, unless he is a rich man's son, has a title or high social position, girls naturally are drawn toward what they call "husky," healthy, virile specimens when the insurance companies call "good risks" because these characteristics are usually based on sound health.

Most of the points that are agreed upon as features of feminine beauty are also signs of a good constitution, likely to wear a long time. It is true that rosy cheeks and red lips are now bought at the regular beauty counter and therefore no longer mean anything; but the sparkling eye, the vivacious manner and the impression of vitality which fiction writers describe by the word "vibrant" are health signs that cannot be bought.

They say that nobody loves a fat man, and the girls, as proved by their efforts to keep thin, are evidently convinced that nobody loves a fat woman. Some fat persons are healthy enough to live to a good age, but obesity, like extreme emaciation, is not a good sign, and it is just as well for the race that such individuals tend to remain in the unmarried class, along with the bad, the lame and the blind.

But the insurance statisticians, who are experts on what tends to keep their policy holders out of the cemetery as long as possible, are convinced that after making all reasonable deductions for the fact that married folks are to a certain extent a picked crowd, there must still be something else which favors the husband and the wife against the single.

At first glance it seems to be all the other way. Most people, especially married ones, had supposed that their lot was much harder than the unwed, especially the bachelor male whom they regarded as a sort of slacker who had evaded many of the life-shortening burdens and responsibilities of matrimony.

There is no denying that the bachelor man can take better care of his health, but it seems that he doesn't. In outdoor work he can afford to lose a day's pay in stormy weather, and thus avoid exposure. The family man on the same job realizes that his wife has a shopping list of necessities that will eat up a full week's pay envelope, and goes to work.

The bachelor girl, for the same reason, can afford to stay in bed a day when she is not feeling well, whereas the mother of a large family, must get the husband off to work, the children off to school and, once up, must keep busy with household chores until the supper dishes are washed. These are health-hazards which should average to make it possible for bachelors of both sexes to attend the funerals of their married friends of the same age, if something does not offset them. But something certainly does.

The bachelor laughs at his married friend whose wife calls him back to the house to put on rubbers or a muffler or to carry an umbrella or a coat. These "hen-peckings" are embarrassing and often needless, but year in and year out they have their effect in preserving health. The husband is quite as diligent in making his wife obey the doctor's bothersome orders about eating a decent breakfast, avoiding her favorite, forbidden articles of diet and going to bed early.

This solicitude persists and is fully as effective after love has long since faded into tolerance or even mutual dislike. What devoted young husband could resist the tender bride who whispers in his ear:

"Darling, please wear your rubbers for my sake—that is if you love me."

But it is quite as hard, twenty years later to resist that same voice when it says:

"Put them on, you old fool, or you needn't expect any sympathy when you come home with another of your horrible colds."

The bachelor is a free agent who can do with a clear conscience most any stupid thing he pleases. If he catches pneumonia he gets well or dies and that's all there is to it. But the married man who even catches cold "catches hell" from his wife too.

It is notorious that people will neglect their own health but force others to take their medicine and behave. Also everyone is tempted to put off seeing the doctor as long as he dares. But husband and wife are sharp and pitiless observers and symptoms in each other, making life so uncomfortable that it is easier for the ailing one to give himself up to the doctor. The bachelors, male or female, can and often do procrastinate until they become a customer for the hospital or the undertaker.

The greatest difference of all appears in tuberculous deaths, with the bachelor getting far the worst of it, with that excess of 85 percent as against the old maid with her 50 percent. The reason for this deadly prominence may be because tuberculosis is now diagnosed earlier and most people feel that tubercular people should not marry.

It is interesting and probably important that in the cases of diabetes and gallstones, the excess deaths of married people are accounted for altogether by the women. Only about half as many single women die of these two diseases as is true of married women; a circumstance which the statisticians are inclined to explain on the ground that married women are likely to eat too much, especially too rich food.

Married men usually get two of their daily meals at home. These are likely to be substantial but plain, and for that reason married men eat enough but are not tempted to overeat. Also they get them at regular hours or get a scolding that is no appetizer.

Bachelors, on the other hand, are likely to alternate between hashroom meals and grand dinners, on which latter occasion they eat far too much and probably eat the wrong things. All of the experiments on foods which have been carried out by biological chemists indicate that overeating, and especially irregular overeating, is much more dangerous to health than occasional or even persistent undereating.

Among women, the food differences between the married and the unmarried are just the reverse. The bachelor girl may be taken out occasionally to dinner and get a first-class meal, perhaps too-first-class a one for standards of health. Ordinarily, however, as any waiter will testify, women "eat very little food with their meals," unless there is a man along to pay the check. Even shrimpier is the "light-housekeeping" meal the bachelor girl serves herself, being usually toast and tea. This perhaps contributes to her better health as far as nutritional diseases are concerned.

When the bachelor girl marries she is the legal possessor of a permanent meal ticket who wants "square" ones himself and expects her to eat heartily. Perhaps most important of all, she has gotten her man and no longer dreads so much losing that slender figure. Even though the husband protests and points out the dangers the wife is not likely to heed, or meet his arguments with tears, and goes right on eating.

The bachelor thanks his lucky fate that he escapes the endless bickerings of married life as aired in the divorce courts, but it seems that women are not really as upset by emotional scenes as are men. As for the husband, if these scenes are too frequent and disturbing for endurance, he puts an end to the situation by divorce.

Otherwise the pair settles down to a tolerance and indifference which, to the bachelor, seem even worse. He finds the mother and children all talking at once to each other, while the "old man" is reading his paper or dozing, as out of the conversation as the family dog, and even less likely to take notice if his name is spoken.

The bachelor says he would be bored to death by such a life, but people are not bored to death—they are more easily stimulated to death or into a premature one. The sluggish, sleepy turtle is one of the longest-lived animals in the world; the alert, nervous hare one of the shortest. That so many centenarians are illiterate is believed due to the fact that a person who cannot read is unable to get excited over fiction or worry about the bad news from all parts of the world.

Zaro Agha, the uneducated Turk, who claimed to be 160, had had twelve wives, all perhaps a little smarter than he was—but he outlived all of them.

Fannie Ward, the perennial flapper, is 64 and looks 30. And the fact that she has been married twice is considered to have an important bearing on the longevity of her good looks as well as her years.

After her first baby, a mother forgets what an unbroken night's rest is like, but usually the husband isn't much better off, walking a colicky child at 4 in the morning. Since nobody has the right to disturb the rest of the unmarried, they ought to be much better off in nervous ailments, but they are not because they keep company with an irresponsible crowd that never goes to bed.

As a result of their irregular life and wild-eyed associates, violent deaths strike the single more often than the married.

Suicides of bachelors, for example, are more than twice as numerous as suicides by married men. An old proverb says that "When a man's married his trouble begins," but evidently this trouble is not sufficient to make the married man even half as likely to commit suicide as his bachelor cousin.

Homicides, also, are about twice more numerous among single men than married men, doubtless because the single man is more likely to get himself into circumstances or among companions which make homicide more probable.

Murders of Canadian married women, on the other hand, are only slightly less numerous than murders of single women. So far as suicide is concerned, the married and the single women are about the same.

Accidents, as might be expected, are more numerous among single people. Both the spinsters and the bachelors experience, on the average, about 65 per cent more deaths per year by accident than their married relatives. Perhaps this is because the married person is more conservative and less likely to get into dangerous situations.

Fannie Ward, Who at 64 Looks Like 30. Fannie Has Been Married Twice and This May or May Not Have Something to Do With Her Preservation.

Zaro Agha, the Turk Who Claimed to Be 160, and Was Married Twelve Times—But All His Wives Died Before He Did.

Most People Think the Wear and Tear of Married Life —One Instance of Which Is Walking Around With the Baby on the Arm Trying to Soothe It—Would Shorten Life

---BUT---

Statistics Show That the Carefree Bachelor Who Spends His Nights Dancing Around With a Different Kind of Baby on His Arm Has Far Less Chance of Reaching a Ripe Old Age.

The Married Woman Is Apt to Eat Too Much Despite the Protests of Her Husband, and So, It Seems, Is More Subject to Certain Diseases Connected with the Alimentary Tract.

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Bad Luck On The Trail Of The Sailor's Gem

BECAUSE an English woman had the inspiration to transport a precious stone concealed in an empty box of matches, George Mateos and James Koudis, two Greek sailors, spent three unpleasant months in London and learned that sometimes it is very undesirable to be "lucky." The lesson was even more bitter for George, the younger of the two, for he returned to his native island just in time to learn that his fiancée had cast him a forlorn hope.

The story began with a sharp quarrel which George had with his mother, who, being old-fashioned and the possessor of a large fortune, insisted that her son marry a young girl of her choice. George disagreed and decided to leave the maternal home. He then took up a job on a merchant ship which was setting sail for England. On the boat he became chummy with a young sailor, James Koudis. It was Koudis' second trip to London. Upon their arrival, Koudis promised to take George out and show him the city.

That night the two failed to report back aboard ship. The next night came and the boys had not yet appeared. The captain began to worry and to look for them. They were discovered in a prison, held on the charge of having attempted to sell a stolen diamond. They had been accused by a jeweler who stated that the two sailors had come to his shop offering him a big diamond for sale. He refused to take it and followed their movements. He saw that they had walked into another jewelry store, where they sold the diamond for ten pounds.

The first jeweler brought charges against the two sailors for having sold a stolen diamond and against the jeweler for receiving the gem instead of reporting the matter to the police. It was evident that two poor Greek sailors could not have come into possession of such a big diamond otherwise than by theft. The sailors insisted that upon landing, they had seen a box of matches lying on the ground. It might have been an empty box, but George had felt a strong impulse to pick it up and open it. Perhaps, it might contain a few matches. At any rate, George opened the box casually.

The box was not empty. Something hard was wrapped in a little ball of cotton. They stopped and unrolled the hidden object. It was a large diamond.

"Well share it," George said cheerfully. "Let's go straight to a jeweler and see how much we can get for it."

No one believed their story. The captain shook his head. After all, he had heard the story about George's

The First Jeweler Followed the Sailors to the Other Store, Saw the Sale Transacted, and Then Called Police to Arrest George and Jim and the Buyer Also.

quarrel with his mother. The ship sailed and the two sailors remained in London awaiting trial.

Nearly three months elapsed. The investigation proved fruitless and the sailors began to despair. Their distress was still greater owing to their being in a foreign country where they could not even defend themselves or understand directly what was being said. How dearly were they going to pay for George's "lucky stroke?" James began to blame his comrade for that accursed habit of picking up boxes in the streets.

And then one day a letter arrived at Police Headquarters. It was from a woman who notified the police of the loss of a diamond. She gave its size and added that at the time she lost it, the diamond was concealed in a match box. She had taken this precaution, because she had thought that it would be safer to transport the diamond in that way.

Unfortunately, she had dropped the box upon landing, from the ship. But for family reasons she had wished to keep secret the fact that she possessed the diamond, and, consequently, she had waited all that time hoping to find some clue to its whereabouts.

After the formalities were over the "lucky" sailors were free to return to their country. George, certain that his mother would by this time have changed her mind and forgiven him for his disobedience, arrived at his home much wiser and full of hopes. He was greeted with the mournful news that his mother had died, stricken with grief, for she had believed that her son had been really guilty and had thus disgraced her.

Before she died, she disinherited the boy and left the entire fortune to a nephew.

And so George, disgraced in his home and without any money at all, set out again to seek his fortune upon the sea. He signed up on a Greek freighter.

When off watch, the sailors would spend their time in telling stories and yarning of far away places and strange adventures. Whoever told the best yarn received the total of a money pool.

One night George sat in the forecastle listening to the tales. He was invited to join and he told how hard luck had dogged him.

When he was finished there was silence. Sailors are superstitious. They, like many landlubbers believe that "bad luck comes in threes." George had been in prison, he had lost his inheritance, and now what would happen next?

The crew muttered among themselves. Whatever happened to him might also happen to them. Perhaps the ship would be wrecked? They came to a decision.

"Although others have told better stories," the boatswain told George, "we have decided to turn the prize over to you, providing you leave the ship when we arrive at Gibraltar tomorrow."

George agreed, the money was turned over to him and the next day he went ashore feeling somewhat luckier.

Weird Mystery Of The Lifelike Body In The 'Cello Case

WHEN the police sergeant on duty at the Montmartre Precinct in the Paris Latin Quarter was called to the telephone one night a few weeks ago, a terror-stricken, half-sobbing voice came over the wire. Something terrible had happened at a house down the street and the police must come immediately. The sergeant jotted down the number, called a few gendarmes and ran down the street.

On the steps of a rooming-house the landlord stood, wringing his hands and shaking with fright. Clutching the sergeant's arm, the terrified man led the policemen downstairs to the cellar. By the light of a flickering candle the men could make out an open violoncello case lying on the floor. Inside and vividly framed against the dark plush lining was the body of a young boy, wrapped in a white silk shroud.

At first glance the body looked alive. The lips were parted in a smile and the white teeth sparkled as the gendarmes flashed on their electric torches. The lips were pink and the cheeks showed a faint flush. Long strands of yellow hair lay piled in masses about the face and head and some of it fell over the side of the curious coffin.

The policeman stared in astonishment at the sight, while the sergeant made sure that the boy had not been murdered. After the landlord had quieted down he began to relate the curious incidents which led to the discovery of the body.

Some months ago a musician came to the house for a few weeks' lodging. He was a Russian and called himself Count Kerkoff. Every morning he would leave the house with the big cello case under his arm to look for work, the landlord supposed. But jobs were scarce and the poor fellow didn't seem to have any luck. He was able to pay his rent for the first two weeks but after that the payments were less prompt.

Inside the Instrument Case Lay the Body of a Boy. At First He Seemed Alive. There Was a Faint Flush on the Cheeks. Closer Examination Revealed It to Be a Mummified Corpse.

Then one day the landlord saw the Count feeding pigeons in a nearby park. One of the nursemaids who came to the park every day with her young charges said that the Russian had been there every day for the past month.

That night the landlord waited for the musician to return and demanded his money for the rent. The Russian went to a pawn-shop and came back with the necessary amount.

At this point the gendarmes interrupted the landlord's story to question a pawnbroker who had a shop around the corner from the rooming-house. The pawnbroker remembered the case. The Russian had arranged for a loan. What security did he offer, the police questioned? The money-lender searched his files and found that the foreign gentleman had pawned medals, gold and silver medals, decorations from a foreign country.

The proprietor resumed his story to the police. It was a week or so after the pawnshop incident that the Russian went out one morning without his cello. The landlord thought this odd and went to the Count's room to investigate. He found a note pinned to the pillow case. It read:

"Keep my trunk and cello. I will call for them later. KerKoff."

Months passed and the landlord began to forget about his eccentric guest. The trunk and cello were stored in the cellar. Then one day a letter came from America. It said:

"I am well and happy in this land of freedom. Keep the trunk and cello and sell them for whatever you can."

That night the rooming-house keeper took a candle and went to the cellar. There was nothing much of value in the trunk, some faded photographs and a moth-eaten soldier's uniform. Then the landlord turned to the violoncello case. He laid it lengthwise on the floor and opened the lid. Instead of the musical instrument he expected, masses of yellow hair burst out of their confinement, sweeping over the sides to the floor.

When the gendarmes had heard the story they began a search for the missing Russian. The postal authorities were unable to trace the letter from America, and nothing has been heard of the Russian. Most surprising of all was the conclusion drawn by medical experts that the boy in the cello case had been dead for at least twenty years. The body had been skillfully embalmed.

Until Kerkoff is found the identity of the little body in its musical coffin will probably remain a mystery. The authorities believe that the dead boy was Kerkoff's son, so well-loved by his father that even death could not separate them. Perhaps when Kerkoff came to America he decided to forget the past. The French authorities shrug their shoulders when asked to explain the case.

Did not something similar happen in Budapest a little while ago, they answer?

The Budapest case is equally strange and concerns a "gift" which the Medico-Legal Institute received. In the Museum of the Institute there is a glass coffin containing the mummified body of a six-year-old boy, Pierrot Aranyi, the son of one of Hungary's most distinguished physicians.

Dr. Aranyi, the boy's father, did not marry until middle age and his young wife died in giving birth to their baby. The Doctor was overwhelmed with grief and determined to lavish all his affection and attention on his son. He gave up his medical practice to spend each day with the boy, watching every movement for fear the lad might come to harm.

When Pierrot was six he was stricken by a mysterious and fatal disease. Eminent physicians from Vienna, Berlin and Prague were called to his bedside to no avail. The boy died and the heartbroken father asked the health authorities for permission to embalm the body himself. Permission was granted but there is no law in Hungary which says that a properly embalmed body must be buried. After the funeral service Dr. Aranyi took the body and placed it in a carefully constructed glass case in his study. No one was allowed in the room except the Doctor.

A few months after the boy's death the Doctor went away and in time regained his health. He resumed his medical practice and none of his friends knew the secret of the locked study. They all thought the boy had been buried, all except the Doctor's housekeeper who had been as devoted to young Pierrot as the Doctor himself. The housekeeper had heard the Doctor in the study at night talking to the boy, refusing to believe that his son was dead. But Pierrot's presence in the house seemed to give the Doctor courage and comfort and it was not until twenty-four years later that he died.

When the Doctor's will was read it was found that he had left his house and estate to distant relatives.

Their surprise at discovering the corpse in the study can only be compared to that of the Paris landlord. Doctor Aranyi's heirs decided to get rid of the pathetic little mummy and so they presented it to the Medico-Legal Institute.

Why France Doesn't Ban Imbecile Marriages

CONSIDERABLE indignation is felt among intelligent people in France at the many marriages that are encouraged or permitted between half-witted men and women. Through these unions a growing crop of imbecile, helpless children is being raised who become a public charge, while many capable workingmen cannot earn a fair living. This condition is partly due to the policy of the French Government to increase the birth rate by any possible means in order to have men for another war.

About two and one-half years ago the Mayor of Hazebrouck, a busy little city in Northern France, wearing the tricolor flag draped around his waist, solemnly performed the marriage of Marcel Vandamme, a young man of 26, and Lucienne Jonckheere, aged 20. The priest of the church of St. Eloi then performed the religious ceremony. Both the Mayor and the ecclesiastic appeared somewhat embarrassed when they looked at the fixed, idiotic grins on the faces of the couple they were uniting, but they were persons whom it was legal to marry.

Since then the doctors have declared the couple "idiots in the clinical sense of the term," which according to French medical terms means that their intelligence is equal to that of a normal child of two.

When he had performed the ceremony the Mayor handed the husband the little book furnished by French law for a record of the children to be born with their ages, etc. As he did so he made the customary postal allusion:

"I hope, my children, that you will soon fill out these pages."

There was a sort of feast after the wedding, with the refreshments supplied by various benevolent persons. The mother of the bride could not attend because she was spending her last days in a lunatic asylum.

At the earliest possible date the couple produced a child. In the form that the father had to fill out he declared himself unable to support his child. He was also unable to write and so he scratched a shaky cross under these statements.

He was immediately assured that the public would take care of his child. France does a great deal for the care of destitute or neglected children. More money is spent on them than on any other form of charity. Vandamme went home rather discouraged at having to give up his child, but soon again he was a father.

The second child was born last August. On this occasion the Mayor and other officials considered it their duty to visit the couple. They found the mother in a bed without sheets and dirtier than any stable, shaking her head in an idiotic manner over her wailing new-born child.

The Mayor and the other officials then drew up a report which had to be signed by the father with his mark and they took away the baby to a public institution as they had already taken the first.

Vandamme was again depressed at having his child taken from him, but he was able to get enough drink to console himself. A few days later he found his wife lying on the floor with a big pair of shears in her hand. She had stabbed herself, probably in a state of drunkenness. She was taken to the hospital promptly and will probably recover. She was on the way to being a mother for a third time.

A reporter describes a visit to the wretched home of the Vandammes near Hazebrouck. When he was asking the way someone told him that he would recognize the house because it was near an "estaminet," or cheap drinking place.

The visitor found Vandamme demanding in a maudlin way that his wife should be given back to him. She was in the hospital and he will be reunited to her after her recovery.

Cult Thriving On A Diet Of Carolina Dirt

THERE is an old saying to the effect that "Everybody eats a peck of dirt before he dies." This may be true, what with a grain here and a grain there in the daily diet. But there is a cult of clay-eating Negroes in and around the village of Troy, South Carolina, any one of whom would live up to the adage over and over again every few weeks.

Members of the curious persuasion eat dirt daily, between meals and for aperitif and dessert, and also as an unfailing prescription for any and all stomach upsets. The taste for the dirt is acquired in early childhood, they like it immensely, and they eat it without even an accompanying drink of water.

The dirt they eat, however, is of a particular type, carefully selected, and clean—as dirt goes. So choosy are they, in fact, that they regularly send boxes of the dirt around Troy to their relatives and friends scattered throughout the country, who were once residents of that region, and who refuse to accept the inferior quality of the dirt in other sections for eating purposes.

The peculiar kind of dirt which delights these folks' appetites is red in color, smooth in texture with virtually no grains of sand, and chalky to the taste. It is plentiful in the vicinity of Troy, and its addicts locate it by crawling over the ground and sniffing. It is found principally on sloping ground—usually on a hill or in the banks of a stream. For this reason, many older residents of the community can point to perfectly level parcels of ground and say:

"There were hills there when I was a child."

Those hills have been literally eaten away.

Well over a hundred Negroes in the community are habitual eaters of this clay. Its flavor, they say, is different from the clay in any other part of the country, and for this reason many former residents now living elsewhere are glad to pay shipping costs at frequent intervals to replenish their supply. Those now living in large cities are especially anxious to receive frequent consignments because, they explain, train and factory smoke so abundant in these areas ruins the taste of the dirt for miles around.

The dirt is no substitute for their other food, although it of course constitutes a large percentage of each individual's total consumption. It is eaten *more* as a delicacy than for the nourishment which they nevertheless maintain it contains.

The Dirt Eating Usually Takes Place on the Spot Where the Earth Is Found. A Choice Spot Is Usually Picked by an Old and Experienced Member of the Group.

A good rain, which freshens the odor of the ground, rouses their appetites, they say. The Negroes can be seen daily in clusters around the town at "de best places," especially right after the ground has been thoroughly dampened by rain. Eating takes place usually on the spot where the dirt is found, under strict rules of etiquette and form which call for the older members of the party to eat first.

After some older member of the group crawls along and sniffs until he finds a spot to his liking, the young ones carefully scrape off about an inch of the topsoil to get rid of sand, grit and vegetable matter, and then each member of the party lies down on his side around the hole, bracing his head with a bent left arm and eating from the hole with his right. They are all silent trenchermen, and few words are passed as the almost ritualistic procedure continues.

Doctors agree that virtually no nourishment is given the system by eating dirt, although some medical men believe a small amount of the abundance of minerals and salts contained may be assimilated. There appears to be no scientific foundation for confidence in it as a medicine, but the eaters stoutly maintain that it never fails to "quiet de bellyache." No noticeable ill effects from the practice have been observed, except that some of the eaters show symptoms of undernourishment due to the fact that they fill their stomach with the dirt instead of other foods that would be of more value.

It is held by many that the practice of eating dirt, now apparent in isolated cases in many rural sections of the country, originated in the South Carolina community, and it has been definitely established that it has been going on there for more than a century. Children begin the practice soon after they leave their mothers' breasts, and continue it throughout their lives.

Investigation by missionaries and scientists in remote parts of the world have failed to disclose any race or tribe similar to this dirt-eating cult of South Carolina.

In China where for centuries famines have periodically stalked through the land, starving natives have gnawed at bamboo, leather, leaves, and similar things but they have not eaten soil.

In America, Indians, the true children of nature, for centuries have been familiar with every possible food which nature provides to help them through times when hunting was poor and game was scarce. They have managed to get along, during these periods, on acorns, types of moss, bark and roots, but there is no record of their eating dirt.

In Africa, among the primitive Negro tribes the practice of eating dirt is also unknown although the diet of the African native contains many items which are equally as strange as that of the clay-eating Negro of South Carolina.

A noted psychologist and student of superstition who recently went to Troy and talked to some of the dirt-eaters, failed entirely to trace the custom to any African or Haitian voodoo rite which the ancestors of the dirt-eaters might have brought with them to South Carolina.

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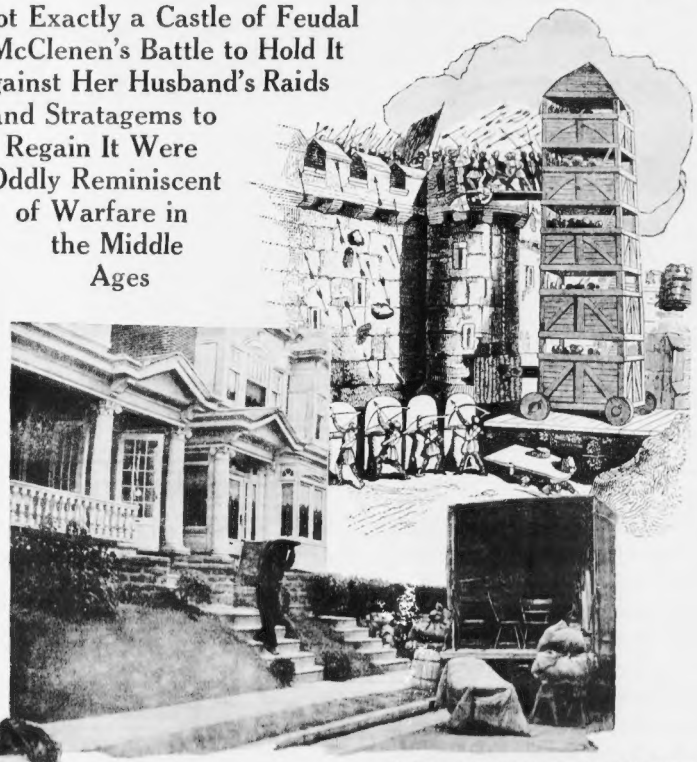
Besieged His Own House for Three Months

Wealthy Mr. McClenen's Home Was Not Exactly a Castle of Feudal Days, But Beleaguered Mrs. McClenen's Battle to Hold It Against Her Husband's Raids and Stratagems to Regain It Were Oddly Reminiscent of Warfare in the Middle Ages

Mrs. McClenen at the Stove, Which Was Removed at Mr. McClenen's Second Raid, and Mr. McClenen Who Looks as Though He Is Chuckling and Sitting on It, But Really Isn't.



The First Storming of the McClenen Home With the Movers Stripping It of Furniture. But Mrs. McClenen Was Lucky in Having It Happen Today Instead of in the Middle Ages, When Castle-Taking Was a Serious Business, as Shown by the Reproduction of the Ancient Print Above.

AFTER a three-month siege, reminiscent in many ways of the besieggerment of a castle in the old feudal days John C. McClenen, wealthy coal operator, seems to have finally driven the "enemy" out of his own house, at 6750 North Carlisle Street, Philadelphia.

And now a strange problem confronts the conqueror. A man's house is supposed to be his castle, but Mr. McClenen cannot occupy this castle because, as a besieger, to his mind, it is untenable as a ruined fortress. The place has become a no-man's land, and must remain so until the end of the war. The reason is that the "enemy" is his own wife, and to drive this determined adversary out he had to make the place completely uninhabitable.

In twenty-four hours all this could be undone, making the castle cozy and comfortable. But Mr. McClenen knows that should he do this his wife will surely somehow move in, as she has done before, and which no stratagem cannot prevent. This would mean that he would have to move out and begin the siege all over again. However, if it is a man's land it is also a woman's land, and that is something of a curfew in the orderliness and mutual consideration which ordinarily continues on two different legal fronts.

The final and decisive raid which routed Mrs. Norma McClenen appears to have been due to the superiority of her adversary's espionage system. On a previous one he had moved out almost everything except a bathtub, a chair and a chest of drawers. This generally proved to be a tactical error. Because these things were just enough to let Norma and their daughter Dorothy Jane hang on in spite of the fact that heat, light, gas and electricity had been shut off.

But to win one must sometimes take chances. Mrs. McClenen thought it would be a nice way to shock the empty fort with food as well as have the gas, electricity and heat removed by going on the relief. Also it would help embarrass her wealthy husband. The idea was fine but she ran into one difficulty that before sending out those checks the recipients are supposed to be without resources of their own. In the questioning it came out that Mrs. McClenen had an insurance policy with a certain cash surrender value, but she couldn't or couldn't tell where the policy was or even the name of the company. Before she could go on relief she would have to cash it to and spend the cash.

This vague situation called for many visits, much conversation at relief headquarters, but no checks. Finally it seemed a good idea to bring daughter Dorothy along to both counsel the relief officials that Mr. McClenen must have that policy in his possession and be wrongfully hiding it. That would be leaving the portal unguarded, but it should take only a few minutes, the husband would probably never know they were both away at the same time, and anyhow, how could he bear of it in four hours or so? So they scurried away, asked fast and spurted back, in less than half an hour.

To their dismay they found the front door with smashed lock half open, and out of it walked a disgusted black cat which had made an inspection of the premises and found the place so barren that the mice had deserted it long ago.

The house had been stripped of everything, even the last chair, chest of drawers, even the kitchen range, and the electric light bulbs had been removed. Since there was neither gas nor current, those last two touches seemed to the women like adding insult to injury. The telephone instrument remained because it was the property of the company, but this line of communication was disconnected.

Unable to keep warm by going to bed and no place to sleep but the cold floor, no place to sit but the drafty stairs or the icy radiators and no longer any means of locking the front door, the two women gave up and surrendered the castle. They were taken in by friends, and now it is Mrs. McClenen's turn to watch that house, ready to break in the moment her husband tries to enjoy it.

The story of the McClenens' domestic war is noised a curious one. After seventeen years at least of outward peace, the conflict flared up in the McClenen household. But some three years ago a peace treaty was signed by which Mrs. Norma Berry McClenen signed away all her wifely rights apparently in consideration of $1,100 cash, took her furniture, other personal possessions and their daughter and moved away to Columbia, Ohio.

Peace reigned between the high contracting parties and Mr. Green was undisputed lord of his castle until about a year ago when Dorothy Jane took a notion to visit her father. Her letters home to "Palsy," as she calls her mother, gave charming descriptions of how happy her father was and the lovely way in which he had redecorated and refurnished the house. Somehow the former mistress of the castle was moved to regret her bargain. Why should a wife give up her share of all these good things for a mere $1,100 which had been spent long ago? So she tore up that "scrap of paper" and asked her lawyer, John B. K. Scott, one of Philadelphia's ablest, to help her.

The Domestic Relations Court of Philadelphia was asked to declare that burial contract void on the grounds of insufficient consideration, and that she had a headache at the time and did not know what she was signing. But Mr. McClenen announced that the cash was only a small part of the valuable consideration. He had also waived his right as a husband, he said, to raise the dickens about his wife's alleged running around with a certain gentleman to whom he referred as "the shrimp."

The privilege of running around with aforesaid "shrimp" seemed to be precious at the time. If the value had depreciated in the meanwhile that was not his fault. The court evidently thought the consideration good enough because it refused to void the agreement, a decision which is now being appealed to the higher courts.

Meanwhile Attorney Scott and his client had only begun to fight. When he heard the adverse decision, Mr. Scott announced, right in court, that Mrs. McClenen was going straight into her own house and warned that if her husband or anyone else laid a hand on her, he would be arrested. Out marched Norma, while her husband and his lawyers vainly tried to persuade the judge that such an utterance was contempt of court. This delay permitted Mrs. McClenen to reach the castle undetected, but her husband relied on the servants and a spy over-lock on the door. He relied in vain because Dorothy Jane unsuspectingly opened the door and in walked trouble for Pa.

The invader's first move was to order a meal which the flustered servants did not quite dare refuse to serve, but after Mr. McClenen arrived and talked with them they never did it again. In fact, from then on they acted as if she did not exist, and Norma made up a bed for herself in the opposite end of the house from her husband's room. That night the two adversaries slept under the same roof, but after breakfasting alone Mr. McClenen departed and his wife had to get her own out of what she could find.

That evening he returned and tried to persuade Norma to leave. Her reply was to call her lawyer on the telephone, which Mr. McClenen countered by taking the instrument away from her. It was in the course of this struggle that she says he punched her three times on the side of the head. No witnesses and he denies it.

After this the lord of the castle packed a suitcase and made another retreat. Next morning the servants followed suit when they went out as did the furnace. That day she lived on eggs, cider, doughnuts and cocktail sausages. From his office the exile husband sent a list of ten questions for anyone concerned to ask his wife. With her answers they read as follows:

Q. Did she think of her marriage when she began running around with that stock broker? A. I didn't run around with him. It was all platonic. There wasn't anything wrong with it. At least, not in the way he means. And besides what about the times he used to lift me?

Q. Did she think of her marriage when she openly flaunted this association in front of her friends, none of whom will have anything to do with her now? A. I didn't flaunt it. And it's not true about my friends. Even the broker's wife is still my friend.

Q. How about when she broke up this broker's home and made him leave his family? A. I didn't. I went to Columbus when my husband forced me to leave his house three years ago. I admit the broker learned his bridges and followed me, but we didn't live together and we weren't sweethearts. He was just a good friend.

Q. Why did she inform her friends, who tried to show her the folly of her ways, they didn't know what true love was? A. I didn't.

Q. Did she think of her marriage when she went on trysts with him? A. I didn't. He just used to drive me home from the doctor's.

Q. Why, when the broker followed her to Columbus, was she with him day and night? A. I wasn't. My daughter and I lived alone.

Q. Why did her parents turn against her? A. They didn't. I didn't want to live with them because my daughter, Dorothy Jane, would not have been happy in the old-fashioned atmosphere of their home.

Q. Why did her brothers and sisters turn against her? A. They didn't.

Q. Why did her lifelong friends turn against her and agree to testify against her in court? A. They didn't.

Q. Where is the broker now? A. Still in Columbus.

Of course, in all first-class wars, each side issues its propaganda, like this, to make the other look wicked but, after all, it is the military and economic pressure that decides matters, so Mr. McClenen put the siege of his house, with relentless vigor and his wife resisted with equally grim determination. Dorothy Jane was supposed to be neutral but always seemed to be found on "Palsy's" side.

First the telephone went dead, cutting her line of communications with the lawyer's offices, then the gas and electricity were shut off, forcing the fleeting garrison of two to cook their meals on a small oil stove. That the refrigerator would no longer work was of small consequence because the whole house had become like an ice box and there was little enough food to spoil.

Even more effective would have been shutting off the water supply. This could not be done according to the rules of the Board of Health, but the faucets in sink and bath rooms only delivered two kinds of cold water.

Mrs. McClenen made one sortie from the beleaguered fortress, long enough to have her husband arrested on disorderly conduct and battery charges. This in no way disabled the enemy because he quickly released himself on $800 bail.

To conserve the final supply Dorothy went to live with a friend, for a while. Soon only one thing edible was left in the house, a case of canned cocktail sausages. Once Norma considered these a great delicacy but now she hates them.

After nine days of this the front door crashed in, followed by her husband, detectives and moving men who stripped the house of everything except that daybed, chair and chest.

Mrs. McClenen, recalled Dorothy from her leave of absence and with this slim equipment, the two women living on food brought in by friends, held the fort for nearly three months in all. Then, the very first time both went out together, came that last decisive raid which stripped the house barer than even Mother Hubbard's cupboard had been.

But seemingly the end is not yet.

Mrs. McClenen on the Only Chair Mr. McClenen Had Left Her, and Which Suddenly Dissolved Beneath Her, in a Way of Speaking.

The Besieged Mrs. McClenen and the Besieging Mr. McClenen in Court.

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Medal For The Biggest Liar In 1936

Some of the "Tall Stories" Submitted in the National Contest at the Burlington Liars' Club and the Whopper That Won the Championship Prize

A Nebraska Farmer Grew a Watermelon So Big It Blocked the Road. He Cut a Tunnel Through It, But So Much Juice Ran Out He Had to Install a Ferry to Get the Cars Through.

A River in Louisiana Has a Current So Swift It Carries Along Down-stream the Shadows of the Trees Along the Bank.

By OTIS C. HULETT,
President, Burlington Liars' Club, Burlington, Wis.

READERS of The American Weekly will recall references from time to time in these pages to an interesting new American institution—The Liars' Club of Burlington, Wisconsin. For several years a medal has been awarded to the champion liar who sends in the most preposterous yarn during the year.

Mr. Otis C. Hulett, of Burlington, Wis., is the president of this club, and he has written for The American Weekly the following article, giving some specimens of the contributions received during the past year from members, and also a copy of the best lie received during 1936, which was awarded the championship medal.

ANOTHER year has rolled around and each week the records of the Burlington Liars' Club have been increased by new contributions and growing membership. During the last year we received nearly 6,000 entries in the contest for our diamond-studded gold medal and the title of Champion Liar of the World. The championship for 1936 has been awarded to Mrs. Gale Barnhouse, Fowlerville, Michigan.

"We have the biggest mosquitoes in the world in Michigan, and the biggest one in Michigan bothered us all Summer," wrote Mrs. Barnhouse. "First it ate up our baby chicks; then it ate grown ducks; then it devoured our turkeys; later it ate three calves, and swallowed two cows. But it's dead now. Last week it swooped down, opened its mouth, and snapped up our old mule. When I saw that mosquito's mouth close I thought to myself, 'There goes a darn good mule,' but old Maud lashed out with both hind feet before the mosquito could swallow and broke its neck!"

This is the first time one of our women members has won the championship.

But another woman contributor, Mrs. C. B. Forman, of Attalla, Alabama, told of a remarkable tornado which blew the knot out of George Poddlewottler's new four-in-hand necktie.

"That twister carried George's tie clear out of town, and while flying through the air the tie picked up a Christmas tag. The tornado carried it over into the next county and tied it around the neck of George's second cousin, Elmer, whom he had forgotten to send a present to."

Although the judges finally decided to award the medal to Mrs. Barnhouse, I think Mr. Michael Donaher of 448 West 142th Street, New York, deserves honorable mention.

His Uncle Silas, he relates, once operated a show boat on the Mississippi. Anchoring off a river town early in the morning his uncle decided to while away the time before the evening performance by fishing. He didn't have much luck, so when it came time for the evening performance, he swiped the outfit of the Swiss Bell Ringer, and left his line out, fastening a bell to each line to warn him if he got a bite.

With the boat packed with customers, he was informed that the fellow who played the calliope was dead drunk. It is tradition that the show must go on, but Uncle Silas was stumped, and walked out in front of the curtain to explain that they would have to omit the musical numbers. The audience, restless at the delay, quieted down when he appeared and as if by cue, there came from the opposite side of the boat, the strains of "The Chimes of Normandy." Rushing out to investigate, Uncle Silas found he had an eel on every hook.

Mostly anyone will testify that the Winter of 1935-36 was extremely cold, but it remains for Earl F. Kemp, Andover, N. Y., to relate perhaps the most astonishing climatic phenomena, not only of last Winter, but of all time. Earl writes—

One Winter Day It Was So Cold in Montana a Cuckoo Broke Out of a Cuckoo Clock and Flew South.

"While stationed with the Second Infantry, at Fort Assiniboine, Montana, I have seen the weather change from extreme heat to intense cold so suddenly that it would divide the mercury in the thermometer—one half would be going up while the other half was coming down. And it got so cold at Fort Assiniboine that Winter that the cuckoo in the Colonel's cuckoo clock went South about the first of January."

I don't believe anyone can surpass the Canadians for novel ideas. Just look at the fellow who got the idea of that baby derby. And if that doesn't convince you, listen to the experiment of Lloyd N. Farrell, of Windsor, Ontario.

Lloyd is a licensed guide, and his work takes him into the frozen wastes, where dog teams are the only means of getting about. But Lloyd writes me that he has abandoned dog teams as too slow. After years of patient experimentation, he writes, he has succeeded in crossing fireflies with snowshoe rabbits, and uses the resultant "flybit" instead of dogs to haul his sled.

The "flybit," he says, is much larger than the ordinary snowshoe rabbit, and resembles the rabbit in every respect except that as a result of its firefly ancestry, it is born with a tail-light instead of a tail. Lloyd says he picks the largest and fastest for his sledge teams, that making much better time than he would with dogs, and further, by training them to run backwards, he is able to travel at night.

My hat is off to Angelo P. Indolilla, who is a reporter for the Manila Daily Bulletin, from Magdalena, Laguna, in the Philippine Islands. Here is his yarn:

"It was early in the morning the day after a storm had passed over our place, and the local authorities were investigating the extent of damage to properties. Looking over our household articles to ascertain our personal loss, we discovered that our primitive stone mortar, weighing not less than two hundred pounds, was missing.

"Greatly disappointed over the loss, we kept on looking for it in our yard for about a week. The search was fruitless, and we finally abandoned all hopes of recovering it.

"Then, one day I went hunting with a friend near a creek about a mile from home. While aiming at a wild pigeon on the branch of a tall tree, I noticed an object which would surely block the path of my bullet. I advanced to get a better aim, and was much surprised to see that the object was nothing else but our stone mortar, suspended in the network of a spider's web."

You may or may not believe the surprising information given me in a letter I received from Carl R. Yates, Ford City, Pa., and I don't blame you. It is perhaps the most startling piece of news to come out of that section of the country since the Johnstown Flood story broke. Here it is:

"I live along the Allegheny River, and we had plenty of water here last week. The following incident happened at my place, and I figured I might be able to get a membership card by telling it to you. (He did!)

"I have four ducks, and did have twenty chickens, but the water came up so fast that eight of my chickens were drowned. The next day I went to look things over, and saw one of the most surprising things I ever witnessed. As I peeked around the corner of the barn, there were those four ducks herding the chickens over toward a pool near the hog-pen. When they got there they divided them up, each duck taking a class of three, and gave them a swimming lesson."

"As Mamie goes, so goes the nation!" Where have I heard that before? Well, anyhow, C. F. Thompson, Jr., of Richmond Corner, Maine, has given the other liars of the U. S. A. something to shoot at.

"In 1857," he writes, "we had so much rain that the children in Sagadahoc County were born with webbed feet, for the next ten years, and a lot of them grew up to be quack doctors. We never would have been able to get our feet on dry ground again if it hadn't been that we got a lot of wind the next year.

"In the spring it blew so hard we couldn't plow the wind laid the slice right back in the furrow. That Fall I was sowing Winter wheat. Some of the seed blew into the woods and brought down a flock of partridges just as neatly as birdshot could have killed them. Pa made a lot of cider that Fall just by noticing how the wind stripped the apples off the trees. One day when they were blowing against the barn he took out some bits and caught the juice as it ran off the roof. Some time I will write and tell you about the drought we had in 1856, but I am too dry right now—I just finished the last of that cider."

While on the subject of weather, let's examine the entry of J. E. Miller, Rossville, N. C. This native of the land of the long-leafed pine says that during a recent cold snap, he decided it was necessary to replenish his supply of firewood, and hied himself to the woods, ax in hand. While he was cutting down a huge pine tree a warm rain came on, and developed a fog so thick that when he had chopped through the trunk, the tree refused to fall.

So, Mr. Miller did the only thing left to do, went home to wait for the fog to lift, so that the tree could topple over. Next morning it was clear weather, so he went back to the woods, but, says he, "I couldn't find that tree anywhere. The fog had been so thick that when it lifted, it carried up the tree along with it."

Walter F. Roberts, of Wahoo, Neb., sells insurances, so perhaps telling stories such as he submitted in our contest, is a gift. Then again, the name of the town he lives in may have something to do with it. Anyhow, here is the yarn:

"The country just south of Norfolk, Neb., is noted for its fine watermelons. As I drove through that territory one day, I noticed one rather almost in the road. Two weeks later, when I came back the same way, the melon had grown entirely across the road, and the farmer, not wishing to disturb the melon, had cut a tunnel through it to accommodate the traffic.

"Of course, you can't sell a 'plugged' melon, but the farmer got his money out of it just the same. You see, when he cut the tunnel the juice began to run, and he installed a ferry to take the cars through."

Last Summer a fellow from the drought area of South Dakota drove up to a filling station in Lusk, Wyo., and according to my good friend, Jim Griffith, of Lusk, fainted when he saw a plot of green grass alongside the station.

"Shall I get you a glass of water?" asked the flurried attendant.

"No," replied the fellow from Dakota, "just throw a handful of dust in my face, so I'll feel natural!"

Lots of us have been kicking about the depression, but Ralph Wright, of Taylorville, Ill., admits it has its good points. Before the depression set in, he didn't dare go out in a high wind because his hat blew off.

"I'm not troubled that way any more," he writes. "During the depression business worries put so many wrinkles in my forehead that now I just turn a screw-thread in the sweatband of my hat, and screw it on before I go outside."

Mr. Otis C. Hulett, President of the Burlington Liars' Club, Going Over Some of the Thousands of Lies Submitted to Him.

Getting closer to home, I submit for your approval the fishing story of J. C. Stevenson, Chicago.

"Two years ago," he writes, "I went fishing at Lake Como, Wis., and caught an undersized bass, which the law compelled me to return to the water. Wishing to mark the fish to indicate that it had been caught, I tied a tin whistle to its tail, and let it go. This Summer I caught the same fish again. It hadn't grown an inch—but the tin whistle had become a fog-horn."

Aha, Watson, the mystery is solved! Lake Como is only fifteen miles from where I live, and I have been wondering all Summer what the queer noise was.

Short and to the point is the entry of "Buck" Lyman, Marinigouin, La. He writes:

"The Atchafalaya River in Louisiana has a current so fast that it carries the shadows of the over-hanging willow trees down-stream with it."

And, friends, that is my idea of a swift one.

There is one farmer up in Alberta who ought to have the Premier Aberhart's old-age pension. He is Albert Holtz, of Rio Grande, Alberta, Canada. Farmers in his district, he writes, lose the hunting privileges in their wheat fields, since these are congregating places for wild ducks and geese.

With this in mind, Albert sowed mustard with his wheat last Spring. He let one large piece stand until the wheat and mustard had both fallen to the ground. When the Fall rains came the mixture of wheat and mustard, plus plenty of rain water, transformed the field into one enormous mustard plaster, so strong that it drew every duck and goose for miles to his field. Of course, neighboring farmers didn't think much of the plan, but Albert paid off the mortgage on his farm from what the hunters paid him for the privilege of walking out in the field and picking up what ducks and geese they wanted to take home.

One Night It Got So Cold in Colorado Some Snakes Froze Stiff. Needing Bean Poles, a Farmer Stuck Them in the Ground, Tail First. The Next Day It Got So Hot the Beans Were Full Grown by Noon, and When the Snakes Thawed Out and Started Writhing, They Shelled the Beans, Which the Farmer's Wife Collected in a Pan.

Oh, oh. Here's that man again! Last year Guy R. Eide, of Green Bay, Wis., broke into the honorable mention column with a story about his grandfather, and he is back with another yarn about the old gentleman's sagacity.

"Grandfather," Eide writes me, "had a lot of trouble with his hens last Summer. It was so hot up in Green Bay that they started laying hard-boiled eggs. But grandfather has that stopped now. While pondering on the problem, grandfather happened to remember that once when he was a little boy, he had become so frightened that his very blood ran cold. So, during the hot weather whenever a hen got ready to lay an egg, grandfather told her a ghost story."

Even Paul Bunyan, legendary hero of the Wisconsin north woods, would have found it hard to perform the feats of axmanship which were child's play for the grandfather of Melvin Verage, of Rhinelander, Wis. His performances are legend in Oneida County, and with a record such as his, it is no wonder that his son, Melvin's father, became "register of deeds" as indicated by the letter-head paper on which the following "lie" was written.

"My grandfather," Melvin writes, "was a very clever woodsman, and no one ever duplicated his feats with the ax. His strokes were so accurate that he could nail a newspaper to the side of a building, and blindfolded, hew the type off a page with a single stroke, without damaging the paper."

Women, as well as men, contribute to our annual contest, and here is the 1936 entry of Mrs. Florence Agne, New Sheffield, Pa.

Mrs. Agne's yarn states that she went fishing with her brother, and that they did their angling at a point where there was a horseshoe bend in the stream. He took the up-stream side of the bend, and she the down-stream side. After about an hour of fruitless fishing, her brother got a bite.

"My brother couldn't land the fish," Mrs. Agne declares, "and no wonder, it was so long that its tail was on my side of the bend. But we got him. We finally got a hay-fork into his mouth, hitched on two teams and a tractor, and hauled him out. I don't suppose we would have got him at that if he hadn't sort of stiffened himself, and straightened out the bend in the river. After that happened he slipped out easy."

"Just an old cow hand" is D. Burgin, of Irvington, N. J. He may ride the range in the manner described in the popular song, but his story-telling ability is a gift.

Burgin tells me that once he helped his uncle trail a herd of 400 cattle north out of Texas. They arrived at a rain-swollen river, with no means of getting across. Noticing that a big tree which grew on the bank was hollow, Burgin chopped it down, felling it across the stream. They herded the cattle into the trunk, drove them across, and seemingly their troubles were over, but the herd tallied short when they reached the far bank.

"But we didn't lose the cattle after all," writes the literary cowboy. "I rode back through the tree, figuring that they had fallen through a knot-hole and drowned, but darned if I didn't discover that the whole 350 that was missing had wandered off up a hollow limb."

Now, to prove to you that Burlington really has a right to be the home of the Liars' Club, I'm going to tell you one which Roy Porter, our fire chief, swears is gospel. The back door of our Number One Fire Station, here in Burlington, opens on the Mill Pond. Looking out one day last Summer, Roy saw Dave Denig fishing for bull-heads.

"Watch my poles for me," says Dave; "my wife is fishing up by the railroad bridge, and I want to go up and see if she is catching anything."

"Well, Dave, I hadn't gone long," says Roy, "when I saw a red-winged blackbird fly down and grab the cork. He lifted it out of the water a ways and then dropped it back. He tried that a couple of times, and then flew away, coming back shortly with another blackbird.

"I have had five poles out, and I'll be darned if those blackbirds didn't take turns flying up in the air with the corks till the hook came out of the water, so that the other one could eat the worm off."

Fred Rockwell of Del Rio, Texas, tells of an experience in Colorado, where the land is fertile, the days are hot, and the nights are cold. While living there, Fred planted a patch of pole beans, but after getting them into the ground, couldn't find any poles. So, that night he gathered up a bunch of snakes, which had been frozen stiff, and stuck a snake tail down beside each hill of beans.

Next morning the beans started to grow, by noon they were ripe, by mid-afternoon the snakes began to thaw out and wriggle and writhe like a cross between Rally Rand and a Pike County Missourian with the ague. "And toward evening," says Fred, "when mother wanted a mess of beans for supper, all she had to do was go out and hold a pan under the vine. By that time the snakes were shaking so hard they shelled the beans right into the pan."

Now, after having read the cream of our 1936 crop of lies, some of you may think that you can tell one that would beat any of them all hollow. The answer to that one is, "Why don't you try?" Your entry may win our diamond-studded gold medal, and the title of "Champion Liar of the World," so mail your entry to the Burlington Liars' Club at Burlington, Wis., and enclose a dime to pay for the printing and mailing cost of your membership card in the world's one and only liars' club with a worldwide membership. The card makes you a member for life, and the dime is the only dues you will ever be asked to pay.

Each One of the Ducks Took a Class of Three Chickens and Started Giving Them Swimming Lessons.

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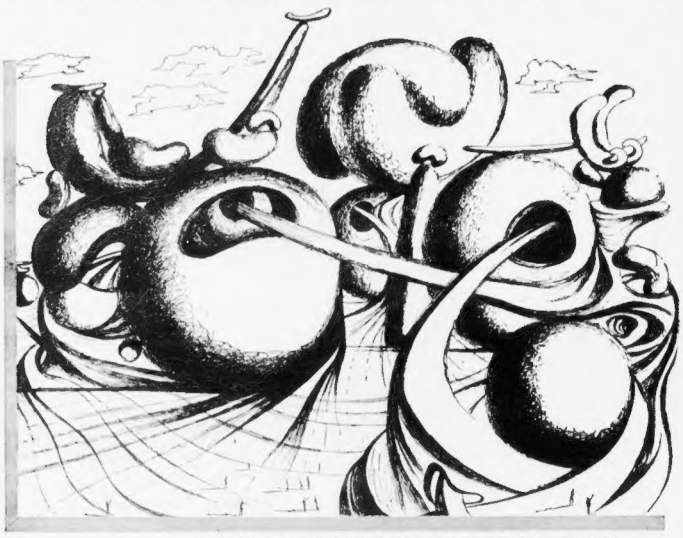
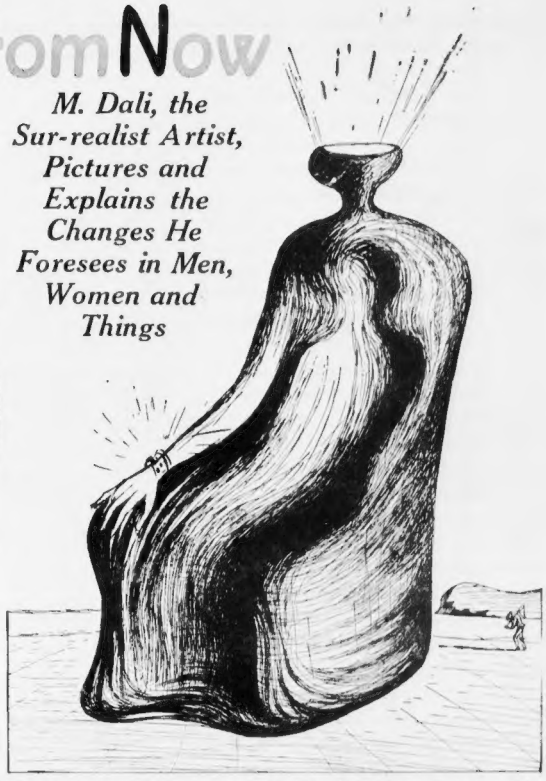
America 50 Years From Now

M. Dali, the Sur-realist Artist, Pictures and Explains the Changes He Foresees in Men, Women and Things



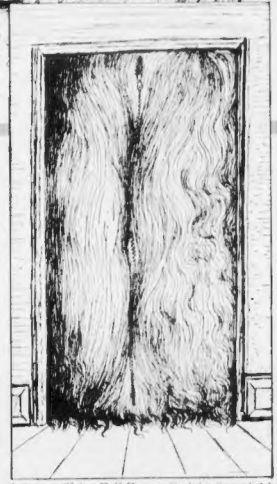
How Skyscrapers Will Look in 1987, According to M. Dali. Round, Sausage-like Buildings Without Windows Will Take the Place of Present-Day "Tall Horrors of Straight Lines." From a Distance, He Says, the New Type of Structure Will Look Like a "Blooming of Giant Flowers."



Armchairs, Such as This, Will Be Made to Fit the Curves of the Human Body. A Warm Arm of Artificial Flesh Will Grow Out of the Side of the Chair to Keep the Occupant From Growing Lonely. Instead of a Head the Half-human-looking Chair Will Have an Electric Lamp to Throw Reflections of Light on the Ceiling.

Fifty Years From Now, New Myths Will Replace the Old Fairy Tales Told to Children. Perhaps One of the New Stories Will Be the One Illustrated—a Young Dancing Girl About to Be Devoured by What M. Dali Calls a "Hairy Trombone." The Musical Instrument Has Become a Living Thing, Like Some Monster of Olden Times, Which Is Nourished by the Flesh and Souls of Its Worshipers. This Tale Will Be Told to Children, Says the Sur-realist Artist, to Warn Them Against the Madness of a Jazz-Crazy Generation.

What the Countryside Will Look Like in 1987. By That Time, Says M. Dali, All the Trees and Flowers Will Have Disappeared and Man Will Grow Strange Forms in Their Place Made Out of Chemicals and Artificial Materials.



A Pair of "Hairy, Half Human Curtains Separated by a Zipper" Will Be a Feature of One of M. Dali's Rooms Fifty Years From Now. In the Doorways of an Apartment These Curtains Will Be Hung to Warn a Person of the Fate That May Await in the Next Room. They Will Quiver and Shake at the Sign of Danger, and Caress the Occupier If Joy or Good Fortune Waits Within.

READERS of The American Weekly will remember a recent page of sur-realist impressions of a night club by the European artist, Salvador Dali, the leader of the extreme super-realist art cult. The super-realist, or sur-realist makes pictures out of his subconscious mind, or out of his dreams, or even when he is mentally disordered. Thus it is when M. Dali is looking at something or somebody, he is likely to see in his mind something that does not appear to the eye at all. And so it is that the super-realist will often draw not what his eyes show him, but what his subconscious mind reveals to him.

This page printed today gives M. Dali's conception of what America will look like fifty years from now. The tall buildings throughout the country will be replaced by what the artist calls "a strange blooming of round skyscrapers, which will fit into each other like the labyrinthine parts of a trombone." There will be no windows in the sausage-like buildings because artificial suns will light up the rooms from the inside. Long, winding ramps will connect the round buildings, which M. Dali declares are more practical because they fit the curves of the human body.

Armchairs and other articles of furniture will be made to fit the round rooms and also to fit the curves of the body. A warm arm of artificial flesh will grow out of one side of the chair, as shown in the drawing. It will keep the occupant of the chair from growing lonely, M. Dali thinks. Instead of a head the almost human-looking chair will have a lamp to cast light reflections on the ceiling.

"Comfort, both physical and spiritual, and light—from an armchair," says M. Dali. "What more could a person hope in 1987 desire from a piece of furniture?"

A whole new mythology will grow up in M. Dali's "rounded building civilization." Each of the stories will have a pointed moral such as the story of the girl and the "hairy trombone." This particular story will be told to children to warn them against the madness of the jazz-worshipers of this present-day generation. A young girl, as goes M. Dali's story, is attracted by the sound of a trombone, like the sailors of old who were lured to their death by sirens and mermaids. She falls in love with the musical instrument and gives it life so that it becomes like a Frankenstein monster. But the creature turns against its creator and devours the girl. M. Dali thinks that the people of today worship false gods which will in turn consume our present civilization.

To illustrate this more clearly he has drawn a typical countryside of 1987, as he sees it in his subconscious mind. By that time man will have eaten all the living things of the forest and field and will grow strange forms in their place made of chemicals and artificial materials. These odd growths will devour all mankind, thus bringing about an end to the race.

In fifty years the things which are called "inanimate" or lifeless will be given a semi-human life. The curtains hung between the rooms of apartments and homes will be covered with human hair which will shake with fear or quiver with anger or caress with happiness, according to the fate which lies just beyond in the next room. The curtains are divided by zippers because M. Dali thinks they personify the high point of mechanical civilization.

The whole picture of life in 1987 is part of M. Dali's theory that all life should be made to seem like a crazy dream. He thinks his dream will come true in about fifty years. By that time, he says, Americans will be tired of the "horror of the straight line" and everything will be curved like the inside of the digestive tract. Man will live in round buildings in order to get back to the peace and security of the pre-natal state. They will find themselves, he says, in a new Middle Ages which will be made comfortable by technical progress. Magic and sorcery will grip the people and terrible new myths, like the story of the girl and the "hairy trombone," will grow up.

Dali says that he draws and paints like an automaton who transmits emotions from the subconscious. He admits that he does not always understand his creations, which, however, must have a profound and scientific significance.

He declares that his work resembles that of madmen and mediums. The difference between a madman and a super-realist is that the madman confuses two words, illusion and reality, while the super-realist knows the difference.

M. Dali thinks that the subconscious mind, or the mind of desire, thought and will should rule the conscious mind which deals with realities like food and drink.

In order to forget such realities, M. Dali wants to invent round houses which look like automobile tires, transparent furniture moulded to the contours of the owner, furred and feathered walls and shoes designed to force the wearer to glide gracefully with every step.

Everything that M. Dali sees or dreams about is material for his art, he says. He considers his art as the only means of communication with the great unexplored super-realist world.

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By "ARIZONA BILL,"

Adventures of the Last of the Fa Scout, Pony Express Rider, Deputy M Arizona Ranger, and Knew All Notorious Two-Gun Badmen an Quick-Shooting, Fearless Sheriffs Wide-Open Mining Towns

A Barroom Fight. In the Frontier Days Everybody Carried a Gun Swung on His Belt and When a Dispute Started the Argument Was Usually Settled With a Pistol Bullet. (From New York Public Library Contemporaneous Print.)

ARIZONA BILL, one of the very last of the old-time Pioneers of the West, narrates for the first time his adventures, experiences and observations of an epoch in American history which has gone forever—"when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

Those were the almost incredible days of the Wild West. Arizona Bill spent his early life among the frontiersmen as cowboy and ranchman, Pony Express rider, Indian scout, Deputy Marshal and Arizona Ranger. He knew the notorious gamblers, the two-gun badmen, many of the stage-coach and train robbers and also the famous dead-shot sheriffs and marshals of Tombstone, Deadwood, Bisbee and other wide-open pioneer towns. He was a member of many sheriffs' posses and now and then took a hand in "necktie parties", when horse thieves, cattle rustlers or desperadoes were strung up to the nearest tree.

Miners Had Hardships and Dangers Enough in Their Work in the Mountains and Hillsides. And Yet Their Hard-Earned Gold Nuggets Were Stolen From Them When They Shipped Them on the Stage-Coaches or Came to Town to Drink or Try Their Luck at the Gambling Tables and Many Were Murdered by Outlaws Who Infested Every Mining Camp. (Old Print From the Healy Collection.)

The Old Private Car of Jay Gould. While T Southern Pacific Railroad, Gould Stopped His Langtry and Visited Judge Roy Bean in H house. The Car Was Considered a Luxur Wheels at That Time but It Has Now Been Service, Has Been Bought by J. T. Da Yardmaster at Overton, Texas. Its Whe and Wooden Steps Built Up to the Pl Mr. Davis and His Family Use the C Palace Car as Their Home.

Graves in Boot Hill Cemetery, Virginia City, Monta Who Were Hanged by Vigilantes. They Are, Fro Boone Helm, Hays Lyons and George "Clubfoot" La

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from Last Sunday).

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AT the time I remember it, Alder Gulch was just as wild as Tombstone or Deadwood ever was. It was one of the toughest mining towns in the West. Alder Gulch was in Montana and at the top of its mining boom 21,000 men lived and loved and fought and killed one another there. The dance halls, barrooms and wicked resorts were never closed night or day or Sunday and were always full. Miners came in, got roaring drunk and played with sacks of gold dust which the tin-horn, crooked gamblers got away from them pronto, and staggered back to their camp to dig out more.

The town of Bannack was the nearest real town, 75 miles away from Alder Creek, and Bannack had a sheriff. But he didn't stay in office long, because a tough hombre of a very different stripe soon arrived—smiling, popular, highly thought of at first, and he got himself elected sheriff. But he was a killer at heart and a desperate gambler. This was Henry Plummer, a peace officer in daytime and a bandit, thief and murderer at night.

Nobody knows where Henry Plummer came from, nor his real name, but handwriting sharps who have studied his neat signatures after he became sheriff, agree that it was a new name he had just taken on. Nobody asked strangers about their past, or if they did, it was taken as a sign that they were so drunk that their friends usually dragged such darned fool questioners away to sleep it off before the shooting had time to start.

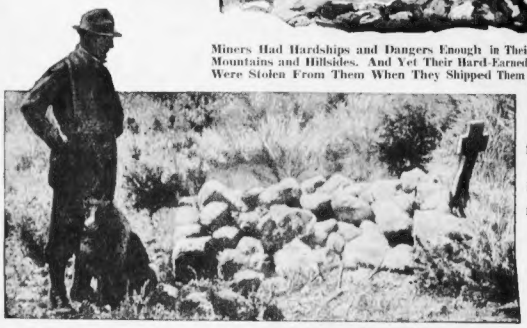
Everybody took to Plummer right away. He was an educated man who could not only read and write but used long words which most of us didn't understand. Even the ministers used to be knocked out and have to agree with him when he threw a word of Greek or Latin at them.

In those rough, tough days most everyone but a blanket Indian figured that what the West needed most was something we called "culture" and they looked up to any man or woman who seemed to have a little of it. As soon as a man got rich, he bought a grand piano, that nobody in the family could play and a lot of books that perhaps nobody could read. Most of the sheriffs in those days couldn't read the "Reward Offered" posters tacked up in their offices.

As quick as a little mushroom mining camp had set up saloons, gambling joints and dance halls, there was talk of an "opery house," where some day they hoped to hear grand opera singers sing grand opera in a grand foreign language that nobody could understand.

Now this newcomer Plummer seemed to be just full of what we were all looking for. He had fine clothes and smooth manners that made honest, rough men kind of ashamed of themselves and the women thought he was wonderful. Women were scarce but they were powerful friends. Bannack was proud that this culture hombre had honored it by coming there.

Plummer was a gambler but that was nothing against him because gambling was a respected profession in those days, like being a doctor, or lawyer or real estate man, that is if people reckoned he was an honest gambler. They used to say that some of those gamblers were straight and maybe they were. The crazy way those fool miners used to bet their gold dust, a gambler didn't have to cheat to win. But Plummer's gambling was only a blind to cover his real business of bandit.



The Grave of Henry Plummer, Sheriff, Outlaw and All-Around Badman. Sheriff Plummer Was Finally Lynched by Vigilantes and His Body Buried in a Field Outside of Bannack, Montana. Stones Were Heaped Over the Grave to Keep the Wolves and Coyotes From Digging Up the Remains.

The only people who were worried about this new leader who talked about "suppressing the ruffians" were the gangsters, but they soon found out that he was one himself. Before long, Plummer formed a gang of his own called the "Innocents" because so many of them were hardly more than boys. Of course he kept his bandit connections in the background as long as he could.

Bannack already had one sheriff, its first, named Crawford, honest enough but not too active, probably because he knew that active sheriffs soon landed in Boot Hill Cemetery. But little as he did, it was too much to suit Plummer. At first Crawford couldn't figure out why this smooth stranger was always going around finding fault with him among the honest citizens, but one day he suspected the reason and accused Plummer of being a crook on the side.

The answer was a bullet. When the two had emptied their guns, each had a slight wound but the feeling was all against the sheriff. He might have killed their culture man. So Crawford gave up his job and Plummer was elected sheriff in his place. Just as he was elected, Henry married the prettiest woman in town and went on a honeymoon. Before leaving, he appointed four deputies, and one of them was G. H. Dillingham, an honest supporter of law and order. But the other three appointments kind of surprised everyone because they were three well-known badmen.

It was a long honeymoon and good people prayed for the new sheriff's return to put down the worst outbreak of crime they had ever known. When he did come back things became worse. Dillingham, the honest deputy, overheard the other three planning to rob a store-keeper named Dodge and warned the man. For doing this, Dillingham was shot down by Hayes Lyons, one of Plummer's "Innocents."

Henry made a great show of arresting his own gangster but let the jury know that if they didn't turn him loose there would be new graves up on Boot Hill. They took the hint.

In the day-time Plummer was mostly on the job, as sheriff and good citizen of Bannack, but it was noticed that he yawned a lot and was often taking a nap when people called. He explained this truthfully by saying that he was doing considerable secret night work but he didn't say that he worked nights as head of the "Innocents." This band grew to be one of the biggest and best organized of all the robber outfits in the West. Besides the bunch of gunmen who did the robbing, he had spies at Alder Gulch and other mining camps and even drivers of some of the stage-coaches were in his pay.

As soon as anyone struck it rich the news was rushed to Plummer. He ordered other spies to inform the outfit when the next big shipment of gold dust and nuggets would be sent to town. A dozen coaches would rattle into Bannack or Virginia City safely as long as no gold was on board, but as sure as there was a fair-sized shipment, it would sure be robbed on the way. The miners and the express people tried secrecy and every trick they could think of. They would let everybody know that they were shipping a lot of dust and then not do it but nothing would happen. Mebbe next day at the last minute, they would shove the treasure on to the coach, only to have the bandits know somehow and hold up the stage.

It was found later on that the driver or his "shotgun" (assistant who rode along as guard) would tip the bandits off that he was carrying gold by giving signals, such as removing his hat and mopping his forehead at the top of a certain hill. It was noticed that one driver had a habit of singing when he got to one particular gulch and the next time he was ordered not to do it. This was unfortunate because the bandits had just changed their system and had told him to keep quiet if he was carrying anything worth robbing.

Misunderstanding his silence, the bandits stuck up the coach and finding nothing worth their trouble, they were sore and beat up everybody, including the driver who had no chance to explain. Things finally got so bad that miners were trying to figure out some other way to ship gold out of the mining camps.

People began to think that Plummer was too refined a man to make a good sheriff but it took some time for them to find out that he was in cahoots with the outlaws. In the meanwhile he got away with at least three murders, the first was his pretty wife that he beat to death, either from jealousy or because she knew too much. Right after that he killed his old friend George Cleveland, but was not questioned on either case. A little later the sheriff and three of his gang shot up a Bannack Indian camp, killing half a dozen people.

For this he was questioned but explained that he had left town on account of hard feelings over the Cleveland killing and happened to ride along with the other three men without knowing what

Dared and Power of the West

nous Frontiersmen, Who Was Cowboy, Indian Fighter, Marshal, the l the of the

raveling Over the Special Train at s Saloon Court- ms Palace on Retired from s. Railroad s Removed nt Door. d Gould

Remarkable Photograph of the Frontier Courthouse of Judge Roy Bean. Several Horse Thieves Are Being Tried and the Judge, on Account of the Hot Weather, Holds Court on the Front Porch of His Saloon. Judge Bean Is Seen Sitting on a Beer Keg in His Shirt Sleeves With the One and Only Law Book He Owned. Two of the Accused Horse Thieves Are Mounted on Horses, Their Arms Tied Behind Their Back and Guarded by Deputy Sheriffs. Among the Amusing Signs on the Saloon-Courthouse Is "Ice Beer," Although There Was No Ice for Hundreds of Miles Around. (From Photograph in the Rose Collection, San Antonio, Texas).

A Close-Up of Judge Roy Bean, the "Law West of the Pecos." He Was a Unique and Picturesque Character and Fitted Into the Period When He Flourished.

View of Bannack, Montana, Which Was a Lively Town During the Gold Rush at Alder Gulch, Seventy-Five Miles Away. It Was Here That Sheriff Plummer and His Band of Outlaws Terrorized the Town and the Neighborhood Until Outraged Citizens Formed a Band of Vigilantes and Hanged the Sheriff and Most of His Outfit.

na, of Five of Sheriff Plummer's Gang of Outlaws, d Left to Right, Frank Parrish, Jack Gallagher, e. (Photo by Jorud Photo Shop, Helena, Montana.)

The Grave and Headstone of Judge Roy Bean. The Boot Hill Cemetery in Langtry, Where He Had His Saloon, Was Almost Entirely Filled With Men Who Had Been Murdered or Had Been Lynched by "Necktie Parties." So Bean Selected for Himself a Burial Plot in the Cemetery of Del Rio, a Neighboring Town, Where He Would Not Be Surrounded by the Bones of So Many Victims of Gun-Fights and Lynchings.

There was [illegible] of a rebellion [illegible] he had just built a scaffold where for appearance's sake he was aiming to hang an unimportant member of one of the smaller gangs. Some thought [illegible]

It was a peaceful Sunday afternoon in December when [illegible] Virginia [illegible] with so much on his mind to be taking a nap, in his sister-in-law's [illegible] without his guns when he was waked [illegible] by [illegible] roused up [illegible] for his missing Colts when masked men burst into the room

[illegible] a word, they [illegible] down to the gallows he had built for a less important murderer. At sight of the [illegible] he flopped on his [illegible] whining and begging for [illegible] Knowing a small army [illegible] was no paper [illegible] the Vigilantes [illegible] Before the sentence [illegible] they rushed [illegible] and [illegible] he [illegible]

[illegible] getting [illegible] hanged [illegible] surprised [illegible] but they were no [illegible] to the last. [illegible] their bodies were [illegible]

Dutch John Wagner, the slickest member of the gang, was not easy to take, but the Vigilantes [illegible] Mexico [illegible] and [illegible] before [illegible] Frank Parrish, Gallagher, [illegible] members [illegible] and [illegible] The Plummer gang was [illegible] Other gangs [illegible] the Vigilantes were [illegible] the [illegible] nest [illegible]

[illegible] Henry Plummer and his [illegible] until so he [illegible] men and [illegible] fight [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] Plummer [illegible] Virginia [illegible] the Vigilantes [illegible] Mr. Bates [illegible] up the [illegible] writes [illegible]

[illegible] Judge Bean [illegible] Texas [illegible] being a sage [illegible] The Law West of the [illegible] Justice of [illegible] on all the duties and powers of judge, jury, governor, sheriff, coroner and everything else. Judge Bean did so many funny things that nobody knows all of his doings. But Bean [illegible] Roy Bean [illegible]

(Continued on Page 16)

Venus Didn't Diet by Frank Leon Smith

In Which a Flock of Turtles Play the Unaccustomed Roles of Cupids. Complete in This Issue.

Bathing Beauty Was in Her Glory and He Brought in the Parish Priest, the Cop on the Beat, a Lawyer for the Bride Man and Sundry Others to View the Miracle.

From the Bathroom Came Waddling Substitute Turtles Numbers 2 and 1 and the Original. They Made Such a Showing That They Suggested a Whole Army of Turtles.

Continued on Page 16

STUDEBAKER ANNOUNCES

$10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

Free TO USED CAR BUYERS

1st PRIZE, IN CASH	$1,000.00
2nd PRIZE, IN CASH	500.00
NEXT 10 PRIZES, IN CASH, EACH	100.00
NEXT 40 PRIZES, IN CASH, EACH	50.00
NEXT 100 PRIZES, IN CASH, EACH	25.00
NEXT 300 PRIZES, IN CASH, EACH	10.00
452 CASH PRIZES TOTALING	$10,000.00

All [illegible] Studebaker is making [illegible] used car department. Maybe a cash prize, too!

STUDEBAKER DEALER'S PLEDGE TO THE PUBLIC ON USED CAR SALES

1. Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price is plainly maintained.

2. All automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned and carry a 30-day guarantee [illegible]

3. [illegible] damaged in the meantime.

The Studebaker Corporation asked its dealers to take this Pledge eleven years ago.

It marked a big advance in used car merchandising. Nothing like it existed at that time.

As years passed, other organizations have fallen in line with varied imitations of this sound policy. But regardless of the wording of the imitations it rather complicates matters when Studebaker dealers in carrying out the pledge as well as the letter of this sound policy [illegible]

2 GOOD REASONS WHY STUDEBAKER DEALERS [illegible] BETTER USED CARS

1 The famous Used Car Pledge [illegible]

2 [illegible]

IMPORTANT [illegible] A USED [illegible]

1 [illegible]

2 Engineers of unrivaled [illegible] England [illegible] Studebaker [illegible]

3 Studebaker [illegible]

protected by the [illegible]

RULES OF THE CONTEST... *Closing date* MIDNIGHT MARCH 31, 1937

[illegible] must be postmarked not later [illegible] 1937. Employees [illegible] Spelling, grammar and penmanship will [illegible] used car buyers by the Studebaker Pledge and [illegible] Studebaker [illegible]

SEE YOUR STUDEBAKER DEALER

The Thunder Dragon Gate — That Mo

(continued on Page 12)

Everywhere Women Are Raving About This Amazing New Shampoo

Not Soap—Not Oil—Yet Beautifies Hair!

Catching COLD?

Quick!...Take these 2 "first steps"—

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"GET YOUR system ready for a fight," warn physicians, "whenever you take cold." They

1 Cleanse the intestinal tract of waste.

2 Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold

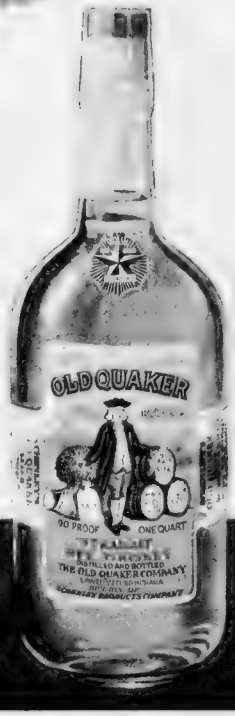
and quiet—go to bed, call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet

TUNE IN: Fred Allen

THE OLD QUAKER COMPANY-ESTABLISHED 1857
A BARREL OF QUALITY IN EVERY BOTTLE
"You don't have to be *rich* to enjoy *rich* whiskey!"

When you want rich Rye Call for Me!

Real whiskey richness is yours for the asking. My price is kindly. And my name is Old Quaker



Available in pints or quarts. Call for it at your favorite store, bar, club or tavern. Also in Bourbon if you prefer.

SCHENLEY'S

OLD QUAKER

90 PROOF BRAND

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Venus Didn't Diet

In Which a Flock of Turtles Play the Unaccustomed Role of Cupids. Complete in This Issue.

By Frank Leon Smith

(Continued from Page 1)

[illegible]

T

[illegible]

H

[illegible]

He was a shrewd [illegible]

[illegible] from Dixon and stifled barks from the obese Duke. Aileen! That beast is awake. At last!

But Aileen wouldn't [illegible] Lee waited shaking for work [illegible] to care if she [illegible] her father but she [illegible] [illegible] Lee's [illegible] Mrs. Vance [illegible] that of such [illegible]

[illegible] very big [illegible] other on. He [illegible] a home was [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] ass of [illegible] corpse of [illegible] [illegible] as dead as [illegible] I have the figures.

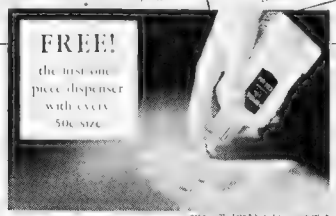
Oh, that's a right bit of [illegible]. Please don't [illegible] vest if for me, will you? I [illegible] may want to use it."

He went [illegible] to his step-[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

To Be Continued Next Week

CHAPPED SKIN
SMOOTHED, SOFTENED MORE THAN EVER



FREE! the just-one-piece dispenser with every 50¢ size

VITAMIN D in Famous Lotion Gives Handy Some Benefits of Sunshine

DAILY RADIO TREAT

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

IS QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

The Thunder Dragon Gate by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 11)

CHAPTER II.

(Continued on Page 18)

Don't give "Pink Tooth Brush" a chance. See your dentist—

Don't be a "DENTAL CRIPPLE"

Soft, creamy foods are the enemies that rob your gums of exercise

Change today
TO IPANA AND MASSAGE

You may scarcely notice that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush... gums that need more exercise and... as many dentists so often advise... gums

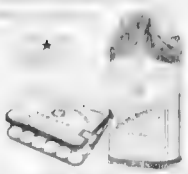
Remember
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

The Thunder Dragon Gate

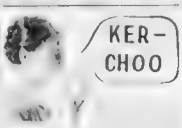
To Alkalize "Acid Stomach"

TRY THIS AMAZING PHILLIPS' WAY—ACID INDIGESTION GOES ALMOST INSTANTLY



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Don't tolerate stabbing pain when "Ben-Gay" offers quick relief



KONDON'S NASAL JELLY

The Thunder Dragon Gate by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 08)

asked that Englishman to hide me.

"He did not do it, but he begged my freedom from His Holiness the Dalai Lama. That is the Dalai Lama who has recently died. The Dalai Lama is the ruler of Tibet in all matters pertaining to law and order, whereas the Tashi Lama, sometimes called the Panchen Lama, is the spiritual ruler who administers religious law. The two are very seldom in agreement. It was in spite of the opposition of His Holiness the Tashi Lama that the Dalai Lama gave permission for me to be sent to Oxford for an education.

"Before I reached Oxford that Englishman who had done me that great kindness was already dead. In Tibet there are secret poisons that are totally unknown to Western science. There is also magic. It was said that he died of stomach ulcers. And at Oxford there began to be a very soon beginning of a shang-shang sending not at all a mystery to me."

"Is that why you don't want to go back to Tibet?" Mayor asked. "You will die in this climate. The Home Office doctor told me, and he told you too, that you will probably recover and thrive at an elevation of ten or twelve thousand feet. Why not go back and get well?"

"You would not understand. It is too difficult to tell."

"Try," said Mayor. "We know a little about Tibet. Mr. Grayne knows more than I do. He has been there."

"Do you understand I am a priest?" said Tho-pa-ga. "An hereditary priest." It is usual in Tibet that a priest (he is called a lama) shall not marry. And that is a good thing. But there are exceptions, of which the Keeper of the Thunder Dragon Gate is one.

"For him—that is to say, for me—they choose a woman whom he must marry, whether he wishes or not. When he is three years old they choose his wife. They educate her so that she shall influence him. And she is taught to use him at the proper times with secret drugs that make it possible for him to be prophetic. He becomes like the Delphic priestesses, of whom I read at Oxford."

"Who are they?" asked Mayor.

"They are called the Wisdom-ones that stand-in-awe before the-Thunder-Dragon-Gate. They are the council of the secret sept. It is the only secret sept in Tibet that admits into its ranks Chinamen. From time to time there are chosen, from the council members, governors known as the Worshipful-nameless-ones in the-dark-who-see-the-light that-is-coming.

"Sometimes one of them is Chinese. Formerly—that is to say, in olden days—those governors were merely the advisors of the Keeper of the Thunder Dragon Gate. But nowadays he is their mouthpiece. I do not wish to be their mouthpiece."

"Why not?" Mayor asked.

"Because the Keeper of the Thunder Dragon Gate, ruling-deputed by a woman who obeys the secret governors, must issue oracular messages, prophecies and commands that reach, in secret writing or by word of mouth, to wherever Buddhism has any influence, open or secret."

"You don't want to be a propagandist?"

"Of lies? Of deceit? No! You do not know how serious it is, nor what can come of it. The office of Keeper of the Thunder Dragon Gate descends from father to son, which is a thing unusual in Tibet. Every thirteenth in succession is always named Tho-pa-ga. The name means Wonderful-to-hear.

"And there is a tradition, thoroughly believed, that the ones named Tho-pa-ga are more important than the others, that their coming always coincides with changes in the world. I do not wish to be responsible for all the provocative words that evil men may put into my mouth for wicked ends. But if they ring me how can I say what I will?"

His melancholy voice rang true. He sighed. He looked the part. He looked like a religious fellow who would do no evil he could possibly avoid.

"Go on talking," said Tom.

"You have asked me why I do not wish to go to Tibet. I have told you. I will tell you now why I am willing to go. Should I continue to refuse they will kill with their magic every friend I have. At Oxford I had only one intimate friend. The English doctors said he died of ptomaine, and they believed it, but I knew better. You have befriended me, consequently, they will kill you unless you abandon me. I do not wish you, or anyone else, to be murdered by magic because of me."

"What's your other reason?" Mayor asked.

Tho-pa-ga smiled sadly. "If I refuse, they will murder me in the end, which would not so much matter. But they will install a substitute, who will do as they tell him. They will pretend he is the truly descended Tho-pa-ga. It is better to die resisting than to permit that. How shall I resist? I don't know. Truly I don't know. I don't think I could make you understand how terrible their power is."

Mayor made some remark. No one heard it. A wooden shutter, suddenly released from outside, slammed in the wind. A bullet almost seared Tom's right cheek. A second bullet plunked into Mayor's top hat on a nail on the wall. The third shot hit the stew pot and sent it crashing to the floor. Both lamps blew out.

"That lovely mulligan!" said Mayor.

The old fellow was almost incredibly cool, but Tho-pa-ga flung himself onto a bunk and hid his head under the blankets, moaning something about devils. The blanket smothered his voice.

Tom Grayne jumped to the window, put his arm through the hole in the broken glass, caught the shutter as it slammed to and fro in the wind, and fastened it with a bolt on the inside.

"I should have fastened that before," he said. "I'm sorry."

In pitch-black darkness, from beneath the blankets on the bunk, Tho-pa-ga moaned:

"Why be sorry? What is the use of being sorry?"

Tom relighted the lamps.

"To me," said Mayor, "the poor fellow seems less frightened than convinced of the fidility of life."

Tom went and stood over Tho-pa-ga. He clapped him on the shoulder.

"Buck up, fellow! If you leave your job unfinished, death will be a damned sight worse than any life you can imagine."

"Preaching? Y a n?" said Mayor.

"Silence! Someone's coming!"

CHAPTER IV.
Intrigue.

THERE was a volley of blows on the door. Voices, but one couldn't hear what they said, for the storm. Tom used the peep-hole. An electric flashlight nearly blinded him.

"The law. Let 'em in, I suppose."

"Money's worth for taxes! Yes," said Mayor.

Tom undid the bolt and used his weight to shove the door against the wind. It blew the lamps out. Two policemen loomed, dripping, oil-skinned, bulky, suspicious. Both of them swept the shed with their flashlights.

"Come in, come in!"

"Anybody hurt in here? What's going on? There's a broken window—"

Tom bolted the door. Then he lighted the lamps while one of the policemen pulled the blanket off Tho-pa-ga and clapped a hand on his shoulder.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded. "What's wrong?"

"Everything is wrong. There is nothing right," said Tho-pa-ga. He sat up.

"Names and addresses, please," said the first policeman.

Mayor produced his card. "The others," he said, "are Mr. Tom Grayne, of everywhere, our host, and Mr. Tho-pa-ga, of Tibet."

"Very pleased to find you safe and sound, Professor Mayor."

Both policemen stared at Tom Grayne. "This is your domicile?"

"Yes."

"You invited us in. We've no warrant."

"Yes," Tom answered. "Take your coats off—sit down. Have some coffee."

"He means," said Mayor, "that we are very pleased to see you."

One of the policemen sat at the table and began writing in his memorandum book. The other stood, noisily sipping hot coffee.

"Nine-eighteen P. M., a man was seen and heard to fire three shots with a revolver or repeating pistol, couldn't tell which, in the direction of this shed, from a distance of three or four feet—shed occupied by broken window—upset cook-pot—"

"And a ruined hat," said Mayor.

"—hole in a top hat. Does any of you gentlemen know how it happened or why?" Bearing in mind, please, that anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence against you."

Tom nudged the stew off the floor while Mayor told the policemen what had happened.

"I hope we haven't got to walk to a police station through the rain," he remarked.

"No, Professor Mayor. I understand there are special orders from the Home Office to protect you from persons unknown. So you were followed. The place is watched. There are four plain-clothes men in pursuit of the man who fired the shots. We nearly caught him. He's a big man in a long black coat. He seems to answer your description. We saw him throw his gun into the river. I turned my light on him just as he threw it. In the morning we'll dredge for it. And we'll trace the bullets. I expect they'll catch him. He can't have gone far."

"Catch him?" Tho-pa-ga asked. "Have you any magic?"

The policemen stared. Their eyes met for a second. They nodded to each other.

"What next?" Mayor asked.

"Well, sir, as I said, I've no warrant. I have seen no crime committed in here. I know you're a responsible gentleman. But it seems to me, sir, it would be best for all concerned if this here Mr. Tho-pa-ga would come with me to the police station. I mean if he'll come willing—and be locked up for the night, where he'd be safe and warm and comfortable, and we could get a doctor for him."

Tho-pa-ga reached for his hat and muffler. Mayor glanced at him. The Tibetan nodded.

"I don't understand my legal position," said Mayor. "Mr. Tho-pa-ga was released from Bow Street this afternoon on my recognizance. You must do as you see fit, constable."

"He seems willing to come with me, sir. If he's a little bit out of his head he might be safer at the station."

Mayor nodded. Tom Grayne stared at Tho-pa-ga.

"Remember," he said, "I told you we're your friends." He turned to the policeman:

"Take this." He laid a pound note on the table. "Cigarettes—magazines—papers—and anything he asks for. Make him comfortable. He's as sane as you and I are, but he's scared and lonely. Be kind to him."

"We won't hurt him."

"Live up to your reputation."

"Yes, sir!"

The policeman turned to Mayor: "If you was ready to go 'ome, sir, we could get a taxi. One of us could go with you."

"How long would it take you to get a taxi?" Mayor asked.

"This time of night we'd 'ave to phone for one—maybe twenty minutes—'alf an hour."

"Very well," said Mayor. "Thank you. I'll be ready."

Mayor got up, standing on a blanket in his bare feet. He beamed benignly on Tho-pa-ga:

"Don't be worried, my boy. You shall be well taken care of. Do what the doctor tells you, get some sleep and if I don't come for you in the morning, someone else will. You're not in any trouble now. Remember that. You're having the best protection possible and you are in the hands of friends. Good night."

"Here," said Tom, "take this." He took down a heavy overcoat from a peg. Tho-pa-ga refused it, but the policeman insisted:

"Come, come, come, now; don't be a stoopid. It's a wet night. You look like one of them tropical genta. You'd catch your death. You don't want us to 'ave to fetch the ambulance."

Tho-pa-ga submitted meekly. He walked out between the two constables and vanished into the rain. Tom Grayne bolted the door, relighted the lamps that had blown out again, and then took a towel.

"Sit down," he said gruffly. He dragged up a box, seated himself on it and began to rub Mayor's feet. "Shoot the works, Prof."

"You are a thoughtful fellow, Grayne. I feel like someone in the Bible being made to feel at home. Has it occurred to you that nobody will, as you beautifully put it, shoot the works? I am strictly unofficial. I know nothing. I am not connected with the Foreign Office, the police, the secret service, Scotland Yard, or with any branch of the Government. I am a rather rusty old professor, with a very high opinion of your genius for ferreting out Tibetan facts. I will be very glad to see you as many thousand miles away from my niece as the divergence of this earth permit. Consequently, I have been guilty of commending you far too highly in certain influential quarters. On my head be it."

"Put your socks on," said Tom. "Your boots are drying on the stove."

"My understanding is," said Mayor, "and mind you, this is merely gossip. Nothing official. I'm not quoting anyone. My understanding is that you are an American special agent anxious to return to Tibet for reasons best known to the American Department of State."

Tom turned the boots on the stove to keep the leather from cracking.

"Suta," he said, over his shoulder. "I'm a specialist in Tibetan magic."

"Very well," said Mayor. "Documents in Japanese and Tibetan, that were sent to me to be decoded and translated—some of

(Continued on Page 20)

Sue and DAD
I BELIEVE THE WHIPPET IS THE FASTEST ANIMAL, DEAR, BUT THAT'S ALMOST AS FAST AS OUR OLD CAR WILL GO!
GEE, DADDY, IT SAYS HERE A WHIPPET CAN RUN 35 MILES AN HOUR!
HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, SUE. IF I DROPPED A 10-POUND BALL AND A 1-POUND BALL FROM AN AEROPLANE, WHICH WOULD REACH THE GROUND FIRST?
IF I GET THE RIGHT ANSWER CAN I GO WITHOUT MY MILK, DADDY?
NO, DEAR, YOU MUST HAVE YOUR MILK---- SAY! I HAVE AN IDEA-- GET ME THAT PACKAGE OF KRE-MEL
HERE IT IS--- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, DAD?
YOU'LL SEE--JUST WATCH ME. I'M GOING TO STIR A SPOONFUL OF KRE-MEL IN YOUR MILK!
GEE, THIS IS SWELL. JUST LIKE A CHOCOLATE MILK SHAKE. I LIKE MILK THIS WAY!
FINE!--MOTHER WILL BE DELIGHTED. YOU KNOW SHE REALLY BOUGHT KRE-MEL FOR TONIGHT.
OH, CAN YOU MAKE DELICIOUS DESSERTS FROM KRE-MEL, TOO?
YES, KRE-MEL MAKES THE BEST CHOCOLATE PUDDING IN THE WORLD.
MOTHER SAYS KRE-MEL MAKES BLANC MANGE, PARFAITS, CAKE AND PIE FILLINGS. I HOPE MOTHER CAN MAKE A CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE WITH IT.
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, DAD. IT TAKES ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO MAKE CHOCOLATE PUDDING.
GEE, DADDY--THIS KRE-MEL IN MILK IS DANDY! SAY, WHEN YOU DROP A 10-POUND BALL AND A 1-POUND BALL FROM AN AEROPLANE WHICH LANDS FIRST?
THIS WILL SURPRISE YOU, SUE--- THEY SHOULD BOTH REACH THE GROUND AT THE SAME TIME. SCIENTISTS TELL US THAT ALL BODIES FALL AT THE SAME RATE OF SPEED, SO THE 1-POUND BALL SHOULD FALL JUST AS FAST AS THE 10-POUND BALL.
WELL, I CERTAINLY FELL FOR KRE-MEL IN MY MILK!

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The Thunder Dragon Gate

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 19)

union you helped me invent and translate—have led certain persons to believe that Japan, in her effort to get control of China, has developed a peculiarly interesting Tibetan intrigue. Can you elaborate that thesis?"

"I could," Tom answered.

"Nobody is going to give you official permission to enter Tibet," said Mayor. "You may take that for granted. That, as I don't doubt you know, is closed by treaty, that being an essential detail of the Indian government's policy. There is no such thing as a permit to enter Tibet. Quite the contrary. The Indian government has pledged itself to keep the border sealed.

"In addition to that, you are known to have entered Tibet from British India and to have been expelled from the country after living there nearly two years, so that you are persona non grata."

"Non grata, hell," Tom answered. "I've a lot more friends in Tibet than in London."

"Many friends in London?" Mayor asked. "Or no other men also presently discover that their nieces are becoming the unconscious agents of a foreign power?"

"Take me for a Mormon?"

"No. But at face value I should say you are the worst possible influence that ingenuity could produce for the ruin of little Elsa Burbage."

"She so easy as that?"

"So I have suggested in certain quarters that you would be the best possible confederate for Tho-pa-ga when they send the poor fellow to Tibet. He will leave the day after tomorrow. That is why a certain person at the Foreign Office asked you for your passport. You may remember no names now—that he did not even hint that you may enter Tibet. But he did say, didn't he, that if you wished to go to India your passport, with a special visa, will be handed to you at the plane at Hendon?"

"Yes," said Tom. "He said that." He glanced at a small parked suitcase.

"You could have another week if you wish. It was hinted to me that this might prove rather abrupt."

Tom grinned at him. "Prof, I've worked eleven months for this abruptness. I was getting fed up."

"I feel I have a claim on you," said Mayor.

Tom looked hard at him. Mayor beamed merrily through his spectacles.

"Is there any of that wine left?" He helped himself. "As I have so disinterestedly extricated you from the—ah—toils of my innocent niece, don't you think you could come down for a few minutes from that pedestal of isolation and reward me with a summary of what you think is going on in Tibet? I know you hold a certain person at the Foreign Office. Was it as secret as all that? There are no witnesses?"

"How about your Polish secretary?" Tom asked.

"Oh. Ah. Yes; I understand you." Mayor wiped his spectacles. "Let me see. Let me see. You see the trouble is that—ah—his correspondence is—ah—shall I call it?—slightly second-hand when he receives it."

"Thanks," said Tom. "That's what I wanted to know. My correspondence will follow a different route from now on. Want to know what I know about Tibet? Well, you heard what Tho-pa-ga said. You'll have noticed that he didn't tell us where the Thunder Dragon Gate is. He would very likely rather die than do that. Chaps like Tho-pa-ga are on the level. They don't tell secrets, not even to save their own skins. My job is to find the Thunder Dragon Gate—get in—find out."

He gave Mayor his warm hints, pulled out some sheets of drawing paper and sat down.

"Here's the layout." Using both hands with astonishing speed, he drew a rough sketch map of Tibet and contiguous territories, with heavy strokes to the south to represent the Himalayas. "Here's Lhasa. Here's Mount Everest. Here's Nepal—a modified country. Here's Sikkim. I notice that the shortest distance from Darjeeling in India to Mount Everest in Tibet, is by way of Nepal.

"But that's on paper. The pass from Nepal into Tibet is no high and difficult that it's almost never used except by monks who want to keep their business secret. Spies take that route. Spies and secret agents. Somewhere within fifty miles of the Tibetan end of that pass, there's an unmapped valley. Somewhere in that valley is a lamasary known only in that lamasary in the Thunder Dragon Gate."

"How do you know?" Mayor asked.

"It can't be anywhere else. What do you think I was doing two years long in Tibet?" I was booted out just when I'd learned how to find my way into that valley."

"Calm yourself," said Mayor. "You'll break the pencil. I want to understand this."

"Here's the low-down. Lots of Japs are Buddhists. They understand the Buddhist and the Tibetan psychology a darned sight better than the Germans understand the rest of us in 1914.

"In their penetration of China, the Japs discovered that the secret influence of the Thunder Dragon Gate has reached as far as Buddhism extends. There is an underground grapevine, so to speak, centuries old, that threads throughout China, Mongolia, even Japan and as far southward as the Dutch East Indies. Propaganda. Do you get that?"

"So the Japanese propose to grab the Thunder Dragon Gate?" Mayor asked.

"I think they have grabbed it," said Tom. "It would be very difficult, of course, but not impossible for the Japanese to send a small, well-equipped expedition of experts into Tibet, disguised perhaps as Chinese. And as you heard Tho-pa-ga say, the Thunder Dragon Gate is the only secret organization in Tibet that will accept Chinese members."

"How about the Soviet?" Mayor asked.

"I was coming to that. The Bolsheviks are quite likely to have had a grab at it, too. They are not likely to have overlooked the propaganda value of a secret centre that can stir the religious mainsprings of about a hundred million Asiatics. The Thunder Dragon Gate is said to be a house of magic."

"Which sort? Black? White?"

"Both. You know as well as I do that the Bon religion is the underground survival of the ancient Black Arts that were the only religion the Tibetans had until Buddhism swept the country. It's like witchcraft in parts of Europe, only more so. My information is that the Bons have control of the lamasary that contains the Thunder Dragon Gate."

"I understand," said Mayor, "that Buddhist principles forbid extermination of the Bons. Is it true that the Red-hat and Yellow-hat lamas tolerate Bons within their monasteries?"

"Yes," said Tom, "in the hope of converting them by example. But the Bons are like the Communists: their method is to bore from within. The Thunder Dragon Gate is theoretically under orders from the Tashi Lama, who is sometimes called the Panchen Lama. He and the late Dalai Lama, who was poisoned, were at endless loggerheads. First one, and then the other, was driven into exile by the politicians of the opposite side.

"The Tashi-Panchen Lama is in China probably on the border of Tibet trying to get back. But the politicians won't let him in. If he could get in, and get control again of the Thunder Dragon Gate, he could very soon restore order in Tibet, because he's popular and on the level.

"But there's a couple of Regents in charge in Lhasa. They haven't even chosen a successor to the Dalai Lama. They probably won't, as long as they can put it off. In fact they can't do it legally without the Tashi Lama's consent. And they won't let him come to Lhasa to give his consent. They control the troops.

"Neither they, nor the Japs, nor the Russians, want the Tashi-Panchen Lama back in Tibet. He's a thoroughly conscientious monk. He's for Tibet, first, last, and all the time. He would kick the Bons out. He would use the Thunder Dragon Gate for propaganda of a sort that Japs and Russians equally dislike."

"Artfully planned propaganda," said Mayor, "can accomplish anything."

"Sure. Can't it! It dragged the U. S. into war in 1917." Tom answered. "Now, not in the secrets of our State Department, but do you suppose that the United States are less interested than England in preventing Japan from grabbing Asia? Who wants another World War?"

"So you think that Tho-pa-ga is being hounded back to Tibet to become the mouthpiece of Japan?"

"I know it. And if we can't get him back there alive, we haven't a chance to spike the Japanese. They would rather have the real man than a substitute, just as they preferred to put a real Manchu Emperor on the puppet throne of Manchukuo, for his propaganda value. So they won't kill Tho-pa-ga. If I can manage him, we'll spike the Japs."

"What is this about shang-shangs?" Mayor asked. "An illusion? A legend?"

"I have seen part of one, mangled. I was told another shang-shang killed it."

"I have only read of them in Tibetan books on magic. Do you think that was really a leg of a shang-shang?"

"Maybe. That's why I used my handkerchief. But it may have been a fake. They have that poor fellow Tho-pa-ga so psychologized that a mere suggestion of a shang-shang can give him the jitters."

"You say you've seen part of one? What did it look like?"

"Like a crab crossed on a spider, with a pig's snout. Bright green. But I dare say you've talked with people who said they'd seen a sea serpent. My saying it doesn't prove it. Sniff yourself. The Tibetans believe in 'em."

"They say a shang-shang is the incarnation of a monster on the Bardo plane that hunts the souls of dead men into hell. They say that if a shang-shang bites you, you haven't a chance after death of escaping shang-shangs. A threat by a lion magician of a shang-shang sending can scare any Tibetan out of his wits."

A policeman rapped on the door. "Your taxi, sir."

"Coming," Mayor answered. "One minute, constable." He began to lace his boots. Tom did it for him. "Well, Grayne, the theory is that Tho-pa-ga might die if he remained in England. There is money, as it happens, left over from the fund for his education. He has consented to return to Tibet. I have been asked to tell you that if you choose to accompany him to India and take care of him en route, as far as Delhi, there will be no objection to that."

"Noropa, I imagine, will be taught by the police. If so, he will be promptly deported to India, where he can be detained indefinitely for investigation, under an Order in Council that provides for such contingencies. In England, there are legal obstacles to any such procedure. You are unlikely to be troubled by Noropa. Do you happen to know anyone in Delhi?"

"Bet your life," Tom answered.

"Well, it wouldn't do you any good to mention the Foreign Office—"

"I know that."

"But you may mention me, since I am merely a professor of Oriental languages. If you should call on Mr. Norman Johnson, at the Indian Bureau of Ethnology, in Delhi, and mention that you know me, you might find Mr. Norman Johnson helpful."

"Okay."

"Tho-pa-ga will meet you at the plane," said Mayor. "Thank you for the supper, young man. For the entertainment. For your kindness in tying my boots. I fear my back hands less adroitly than it once did. Good night. Should you ever return alive, come and tell me what happened."

"That's a date," said Tom. "Good night, sir. Better not tell Elsa Burbage that I'm going. She might ask awkward questions."

"She will miss you, I'm afraid. Well, I suppose it doesn't pay to be sentimental—not in your profession. Yes, yes, constable. I'm coming. Good night, Tom Grayne."

Tom cleaned and tidied up the shed, turned in and was asleep within fifteen minutes. He was awakened by thuds on the door. He opened it to a policeman.

"Has that man who fired through the window been back here?"

"No."

"You're sure, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, he either fell into the river and was drowned, or else he got away. We've lost all track of him."

To Be Continued Next Sunday

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A Huge Man Crashed Into the Shack and Stood Facing Them. It Was Dr. Noropa.

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PINEAPPLE ORANGE DELIGHT

Mrs. Luther P. Smith, Fort Valley, Ga.

Delightful to look at, still more so to taste, this new dessert is one you'll let among your favorites. Cut 3 pineapple slices into sections. Arrange, in individual baking dishes; sprinkle with ½ c. sugar and heat in oven for 10 min. Cream ½ c. sugar and heat in oven for 10 min. Cream ½ c. sugar and heat in oven for 10 min. Cream ½ c. Jewel. Add 1 c. sugar, 2 egg yolks and ¼ c. Jewel together 1 c. sugar, 2 egg yolks and ¼ c. Jewel. (Notice how easily Jewel creams. This famous shortening special-blend actually creams faster, mixes more tender, holds more fluffy leavening!) Add milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients, cooked types of pineapple will agree with you!) Add milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients, cooked types of pineapple will agree with you!) Add milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients, ½ tsps. flour; salt again with salt. Add 2 tsps. baking powder and ½ tsp. salt. Add 2 tsps. baking powder and ½ tsp. salt. Add 2 tsps. grated orange rind and dry ingredients, grated orange rind and dry ingredients, alternately with ¼ c. milk, to creamed mixture. alternately with ¼ c. milk, to creamed mixture. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour over Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour over fruit; bake in a mod. oven (375°F.) for 20 min. fruit; bake in a mod. oven (375°F.) for 20 min. Serve warm with whipped cream. (Serves 6) Serve warm with whipped cream. (Serves 6)

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YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to the hair shaft—it does not coat the hair. It will not wash, rub or scale off, and does not interfere with any hair dressing. It does not color scalp or stain skin. Barbo is clear as water.

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Tasty Potato Recipes

Potato Cheese Fingers: 6 medium potatoes, pared and grated; ½ cup flour; 2 tablespoons butter; ¼ pound cream cheese. Have wide kettle of salted water at a full boil. Add enough flour to grated potatoes so that mixture will hold when dropped off end of teaspoon into water. Drop only ½ teaspoon of dough at a time, or fingers will be heavy. Keep boiling 20 minutes. Drain with a skimmer. Melt butter in skillet, add cheese and stir until well heated through. Pour over cooked and serve immediately. Use as accompaniment to fish, meat dishes, or as main luncheon dish.

Potato and Tomato Scallop: 4 medium raw potatoes, sliced thin, salt, pepper, 1 can tomatoes, drained, 3 stalks celery, finely chopped; 1 onion, minced; 1 green pepper, minced; cream sauce; buttered crumbs; grated cheese. Grease a shallow glass casserole. Lay in a layer of sliced potatoes, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and pour over layer of white sauce. Cover with tomatoes, and minced vegetables. Repeat, having white sauce on the top. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and cheese. Bake (covered) about 45 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. Then remove lid and brown. (Serves 4).

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Depend on REAL MEDICATION —not mere cosmetics TO HELP REFINE COARSENED IRRITATED SKIN

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Variety in Preparing Potatoes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

IF potatoes are popular, it is because they have possibilities. Given just a sprinkling of imagination (as well as salt and pepper), and a potato will do almost anything for you. Or conversely, you can handle it as a humble adjunct for every day, or turn it into a luxury dish worthy of a company dinner.

From potato soup to potato pancakes as dessert, one may ring the changes on this staple useful food, and never repeat a recipe.

Do you know your potatoes? Or at least, are you familiar with the terms most commonly used to describe certain familiar potato dishes? The menu may read "Potatoes O'Brien," but does this bring to your palate any definite thrill, say, from Lyonnaise or Lyonnaise potatoes? Yet these terms are neither casual nor interchangeable, and a check-up of the following outline may be of interest:

An A-B-C Outline of Potatoes:

Baked—Select uniform large potatoes. Scrub, and cut slice from both ends to allow steam to escape, as potatoes will not bake dry. Bake 30 to 45 minutes in a hot oven.

Baked Stuffed—After baking, cut across top, scoop out inside. Mash, add butter, salt and milk, and replace in shells. Sprinkle with cheese and paprika, and return to oven to brown lightly.

Boiled—Select uniform potatoes. Wash, pare and boil, in boiling water until tender. Drain. Return to fire, and shake vigorously to dry out before serving or further preparation.

Boiled Mashed—To drained, hot boiled potatoes, add hot cream or milk, butter, salt and pepper. Beat vigorously with whipping motion. Pile lightly into dish, but do not smooth down, as that makes them heavy.

Boiled Riced—Force hot freshly-boiled potatoes through ricer or coarse strainer. Sprinkle with salt, and pile lightly in serving-dish.

Roast Browned—Select medium or small potatoes, and parboil 15 minutes. Drain, and skin. Arrange around roast, and baste and turn frequently.

Creamed—Cold boiled potatoes, sliced, then blended in a medium white sauce, seasoned with salt, pepper, and minced parsley.

Scalloped, or Delmonico—Proceed as for creamed potatoes, but arrange in greased baking-dish, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake 10 minutes in a hot oven.

Au Gratin—Scallop, and sprinkle with cheese.

Fried, French—Raw potatoes, cut in thin strips, fried in deep fat, drained and sprinkled with salt.

Fried, German or Home—Cold boiled potatoes, thinly-sliced, browned on both sides in skillet, seasoned with salt and pepper.

Julienne, Lattice, or Shoestring—Raw potatoes cut into fine shreds lengthwise, and fried in deep fat.

O'Brien—Raw potatoes, cut into ½-inch dice, fried in deep fat until a delicate brown. Drain, sprinkle with salt, then saute in butter, adding minced pimientos and onion juice. Toss frequently during cooking.

Parisienne—Raw potatoes, scooped out into balls the size of marbles, and fried in deep fat.

Saratoga Chips—Raw potatoes, shaved in thinnest slices, steeped in ice-water to crisp, dried, and fried in deep fat, and sprinkled with salt.

Glazed or Candied Sweets—Raw or boiled sweets, sliced thin, covered with syrup of brown sugar, butter, salt and cinnamon, baked slowly.

Hashed Brown—Boiled potatoes, chopped or diced, fried in skillet with butter. Cooked slowly and turned like an omelette.

Lyonnaise—Hash brown, adding minced onions and parsley while frying.

Boiled or baked, au naturel—that is, in the skin—are at once the two simplest and possibly the most difficult ways to prepare potatoes. Only a culinary artist is able to boil potatoes in their skins, and to have them emerge from the cooking pot, dry, feathery, with the thin papery skins ready to pull away, the heart mealy, but the shape unbroken. (In boiling sweet potatoes, use only a little water, as boiling in a large quantity of water wastes the sweetness.)

Baked potatoes are another trick, and to have them dry inside be sure to cut a thin slice from both ends so that steam may escape while baking. To test them, do not pierce with a fork, but squeeze them with the hand wrapped in a towel. When baked, at once score the skin to prevent them becoming soggy.

As will be seen by the outline, many terms cover the popular fried potato, depending on the manner in which it is sliced or cut. Rightly followed the fried potato (in deep fat) is most delicious, and it is surprising that while "French-fried on the side" is often requested in the restaurant, it is probably the method least often followed in the average home.

A frying basket of wire and a deep iron saucepot are needed; use only a fresh neutral vegetable oil, open the kitchen ventilator, and thus easily prepare these toothsome morsels. Try the trick a counter-man in a certain Fat Shop shows off for his customers—he uses two large paper plates, and empties his wire-basket of chips into one of them. Then, covering it with the other, inverted, he shakes the chips about, sprinkling salt on meanwhile.

This easy mode of the chips removes all excess grease, and is a most simple way to drain all deep-fat fried foods.

Potatoes cut small, and then fried in a mass like a small pancake or omelette, are greatly relished by hearty men, and are very tasty. Here we find those favorites of the menu card, potatoes O'Brien, Lyonnaise, hashed brown.

Mothers who are interested in child nutrition can do well to plan a hearty cream of potato soup for a lunch or supper dish. Grated raw potatoes are invaluable in pancakes, in dumplings and many other batters whose high nutrition value is worth considering in zero Winter weather.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3595—YOUTHFUL FLATTERY FOR A "TWO OR "EIGHT"! PERKY FOR ALL OCCASIONS IN GAYLY SPRIGGED COTTON OR SILK. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3596—HERE'S A DASHING PAIR! OVER YOUR SLIM-LINE SURFLICE FROCK. BUTTON ON A CHEERY DETACHABLE APRON. SMART AND PRACTICAL. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, view A, requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric, view B requires 5¼ yards, 1¼ yards contrasting and 4¾ yards braiding.

Pattern 3597—SUNNY AFTERNOONS AND GAY OCCASIONS INVITE THIS ADORABLE PRINCESS FROCK. MAKE UP SEVERAL VERSIONS IN NOVELTY SYNTHETIC. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3604—KEEP SPRUCE ALL DAY LONG IN THIS JIFFY-IN WRAP-AROUND THAT'S CHIC AS CAN BE WITH JAUNTY SHIRTWAISTER LINES! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3537—CHARMING, INVITING—THIS QUICKLY CROCHETED CHAIR SET. WHO COULD RESIST ITS LOVELY FLOWER BASKET MOTIFS? String makes chair set, buffet set or scarf ends in filet crochet. Pattern 3537 contains directions and charts for making the set shown, illustrations of it and of all stitches needed; material requirements.

Pattern 3511—ENJOY THE COMFORT OF SMOOTH-LINE, WELL-FITTING UNDIES! BUILT-UP SHOULDER SLIP AND TRIM PANTIES ARE EASY TO MAKE. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 34 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Canned Peaches, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Rice Bread, Jam, Milk or Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Fried Apples, Delicate Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Grapefruit Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Fruited Dried Beef, Cornmeal Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Canned Boned Pineapple Juice, Corn Flakes, Pastries, Coffee.	Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Rolled Oatcakes, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Grapes, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Cream of Left-Over Vegetable Soup, Scalloped Potatoes with Cheese, Red-Crested Tomato Salad, Fresh Fruit, Dressing, Fruit Trifle, Tea.	Baked Stuffed Potatoes, Creamed Chipped Beef, Lace Cookies, Tea.	Macaroni, Spring Style Cabbage, Apple and Raisin Salad with Banana Mayonnaise, Ice Box Rolls, Cocoa.	Cold Cuts, Corn Custard, Plantation Bread, Apple Tarts, Tea.	Baked Spareribs with Oyster Sage Dressing, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Green Vegetable, Uncooked Tomato Relish, Gerstein Rice Pudding.	Kidneys and Bacon Broil, Mushroom Sauce, Boiled Potatoes, Green Peas and Diced Carrots or Celery, Shredded Green Salad, Chives Dressing, Ice-Box Cake.	Fruit Cocktail, Chicken a la Maryland, Cream Gravy, Steamed Rice, Corn Oysters, Broccoli, Hollandaise, Cranberry and Orange Relish, Oat-Two-Three Dessert, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper (Company)*
Corned Beef Hash, Sauerkraut, Baked Stuffed Carrots, Celery, Pickles, Cherry Cobbler.	Veal Breast Omelet, Rolled and Baked), Buttered Cauliflower, Harvard Beets, Chiffonade Green Salad with French Dressing, Upside-Down Fig Cake.	Lamb Rib with Carrot Jelly, Baked Potatoes, Green Stringbeans, Red Cabbage Salad, Gingerbread with Lemon Sauce.	Cold Roast Beef, Escalloped Tomatoes, Relish, Broccoli, Rice Pudding.	Mock Sole Macaroni, Boiled Potatoes, Green Peas and Diced Carrots or Celery, Shredded Green Salad, Chives Dressing, Ice-Box Cake.	Cabbage Salad, Savory French Dressing, Sliced Fruit, Doughnuts, Tea with Lemon.	Tomato Juice Cocktail, Blended Tripe, O'Brien Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Graham Pudding with Hard Sauce.

Rich Desserts Easy to Make

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Ginger Parfait.

BOIL 1 cup sugar with ¼ cup water until it spins a thread or reaches about 238 degrees F. on sugar thermometer. Pour slowly on 2 beaten egg whites, beating constantly until stiff enough to hold its shape. Let stand until cold. Then add ¾ cup finely-chopped preserved ginger or preserved ginger that has been pounded in a mortar and then pressed through sieve. Add a few drops lemon juice and fold in 1 pint of cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mold and pack in ice and salt and let stand 3 or 4 hours or turn into tray of mechanical refrigerator and freeze.

Banana Mousse.

PEEL and remove threads or strings from bananas. Press through sieve and measure. To 1¼ cups banana pulp add juice of ½ lemon, ¾ cup sugar and 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Fold in 1¼ cups cream, beaten stiff. Turn into mold and pack in ice and salt and let stand 3 or 4 hours or turn into tray of mechanical refrigerator and freeze.

Grapejuice Parfait.

BOIL 1 cup sugar and ½ cup grapejuice until it spins a thread. Then pour slowly on 2 beaten egg whites, beating constantly until stiff. Let stand until cold. Add ½ cup grapejuice and 1 tablespoon lemon-juice to 1 pint of cream, beaten until stiff. Fold into first mixture. Turn into mold and pack in ice and salt (2 parts ice to 1 part salt) for 4 hours or turn into tray of mechanical refrigerator and freeze.

Prune Parfait.

HAVE ready 1 cup of thick sifted prune pulp and 1 cup juice in which prunes were cooked. Cook ¾ cup sugar with the cup of prune juice until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Pour slowly on 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites, beating constantly until cold. Add juice of ½ lemon and the cup of prune pulp. Fold in 1½ cups cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold and pack in ice and salt for 4 hours or turn into tray of mechanical refrigerator and freeze.

Rich Baked Custard.

SLIGHTLY beat 4 eggs. Add ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring and 1 quart rich milk or thin cream. Strain into buttered baking-dish. Set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 300 or 325 degrees, until firm. Do not allow the water surrounding the custard to boil, causing the custard to whey or curdle. Remove from hot water and chill.

Nut Brittle Surprise.

CRUSH 1 cup peanut, pecan or almond brittle. Finely chop 8 marshmallows and fold in 1 cup cream, beaten stiff. Gently add the crushed nut brittle. Chill and serve in chilled sherbet glasses.

Maple Parfait.

SCALD 1 cup maple syrup. Pour slowly onto 4 beaten egg yolks and cook gently, stirring constantly, until mixture coats the spoon. Beat until cold and fold in 1 pint cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mold and pack in ice and salt and let stand 3 or 4 hours or turn into tray of mechanical refrigerator and freeze.

Frozen Tomato Relish (By Request).

MIX ½ can tomatoes, 1 pint water, juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon ginger, and 2 or 3 minced apples. Boil about 5 minutes. Press through sieve. Add 2 tablespoons finely-chopped preserved ginger and 4 tablespoons finely-chopped candied or Maraschino cherries. Freeze.

Figures can lie ...especially about your age

This adorable Miss is the famous Marion Talley who rocketed to fame via the Metropolitan Opera when she was a plump shoe girl of 19. Today, at 28, she is a glamorous movie and radio star. Lovelier, younger-looking than she was ten years ago, when she...

Looked like this. Which proves that figures can lie—especially about your age. The moral of this tale is: Take a tip from Talley. Eat Ry-Krisp and reduce. Remember, Talley did not have this slim lovely figure...

Until she ate Ry-Krisp. "I've lost 58 pounds by eating sensibly, exercising moderately and using Ry-Krisp as bread at every meal," says Miss Talley. "Today I weigh 107 and never felt better in my life. You'll love Ry-Krisp Wafers — everybody does. Their tantalizing wholesome flavor, their unique goodness, make every food, every beverage taste better. And best for you, these wholesome, nutritious wafers are filling but not fattening."

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GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR LIKING

IF YOU'RE ready to step out this year and do your traveling in the handsome manner, here's the car you want and it isn't going to cost you a mint.

Yes, it's a Buick—a sweet-running, high-spirited Buick SPECIAL four-door sedan—and if you think it's out of your price class you need to take another look at delivered prices.

This car carries the lowest price we ever put on a four-door sedan!

But with all its size and power, all the get-up-and-travel of its big quick valve-in-head straight-eight engine, it actually costs less than some sixes—and mighty little more than the average of them all!

This first-class traveler has got what it takes to put you out in front—so it's making your Buick dealer the busiest man in town when it comes to new car deliveries.

And What a Break for Used Car Buyers

And because these handsome 1937 Buicks are moving like hot cakes off a griddle, the best bargains in used transportation you ever saw are right now congregated in Buick used car salesrooms.

It's plain truth that buyers have been so anxious to get the new Buicks they pretty near gave us their trade-ins in some cases to get one.

Buick dealers have used cars so new the paint hasn't yet been burned off the engine block. They have cars as bright and shining, almost as satin-smooth and quiet, as the day they left the assembly line.

They have cars of every make and model—including some very special bargains indeed in used 1936 Buicks. One year old and just ready to go places, these standout cars are often better bargains than lesser cars without a mile on their speedometers.

New car buyer or used car buyer, today's hot tip is—go see your Buick dealer *first.*

You'll see the best buy bar none of the 1937 crop—and you'll find the best bargains in town in cars just used enough to be well worn in.

NOTE—NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression.

AEROBAT CARBURETOR—built on the same principle as carburetors used in aerial acrobatics. No stop, start or swing is swift enough to affect its even feed of fuel.

SEALED CHASSIS keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and corrosion.

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE, for steadier, more stable roadability.

UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER with solid steel Turret Top and No Draft Ventilation. The most complete steel protection ever offered.

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES, giving safe, straight-line stops under light or heavy pressures.

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JUMBO LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS, with more room for travel "gear" than motorists have ever had before.

DOUBLE STABILIZATION—front and rear—for a smoother ride and elimination of tire spiral and sideway tire tires.

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YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM